Saturday Review

JULY 22, 1961 / 25¢

POETRY AS KNOWLEDGE

By John Ciardi

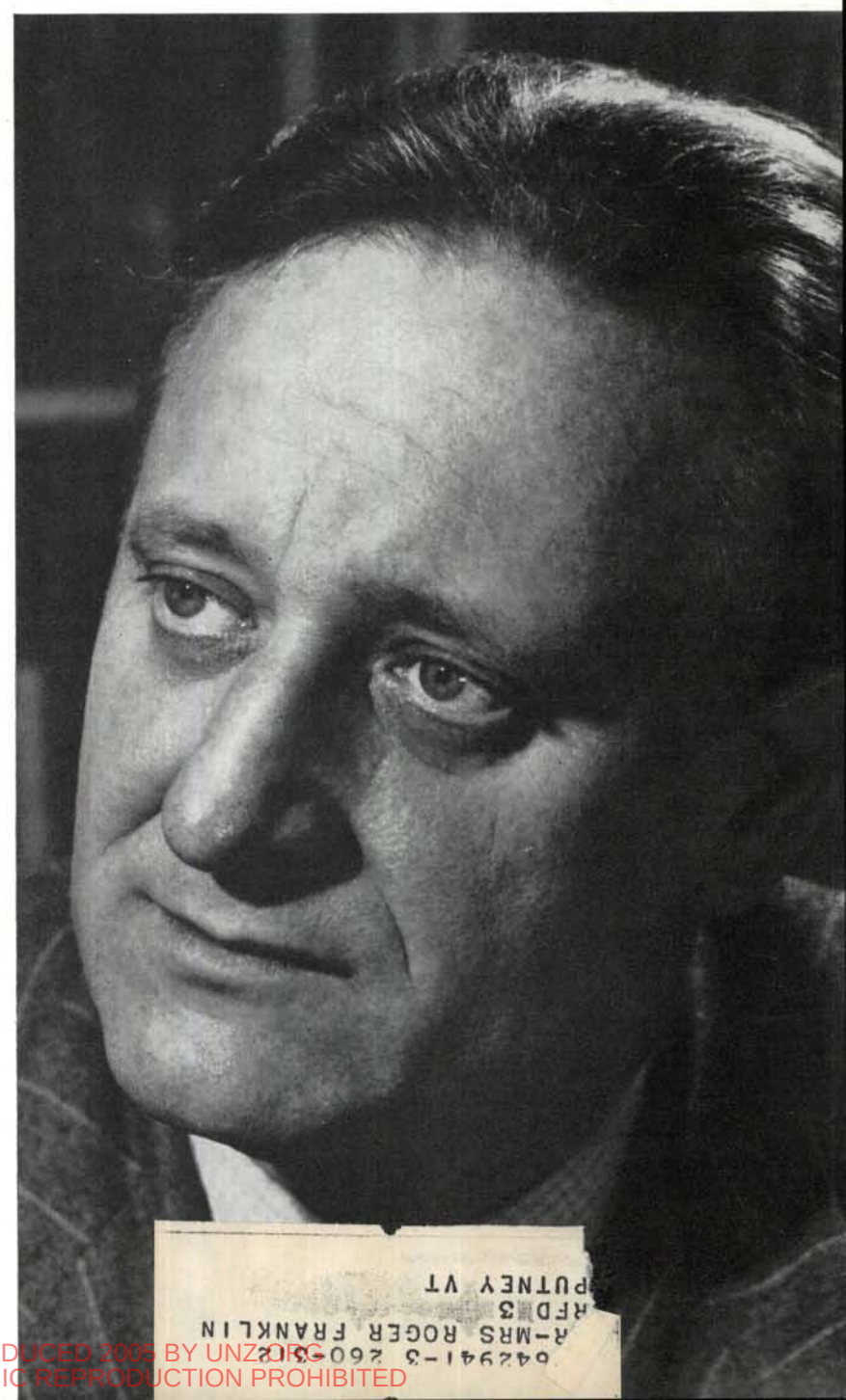
HE NEW HAVANA

Hans Koningsberger

ASCINATING RHYTHMS
I SCULPTURE

Katharine Kuh

John Gunther, author of "Inside Europe Today" (See Books)



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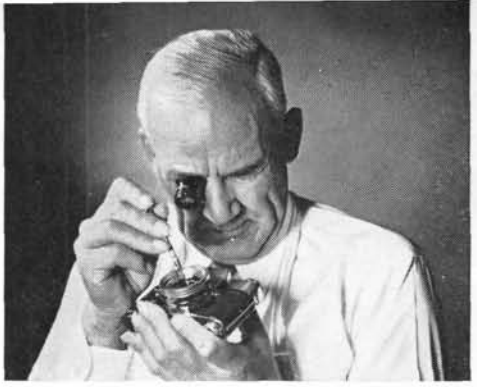
The smallest part of this fine camera is almost microscopic; the biggest part is invisible



Four of the screws used in the new Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera are so tiny that you'd need a magnifying glass to make sure they're not just specks of metal.

The other 466 parts are, of course, larger. But the biggest, most important part of this camera is invisible: the patient human endeavor which makes it the camera it is.

No place for haste

There are lots of ways to avoid most of the hundreds of tests to which each Retina Reflex III Camera is subjected. But without this patient testing and re-testing the finished product wouldn't be quite the same.

There are faster ways of turning out competent craftsmen than by schooling them for nearly four exacting years. But without these perfectionists, we couldn't begin to produce an instrument like the Retina Reflex III Camera.

There are short cuts that would allow us to make many more Retina Cameras. We'll settle for fewer in order to make each one a masterpiece.

Simplicity is the secret

If you have never owned a truly great 35mm camera, you'll be amazed at the *versatility* and the *virtuosity* of the Kodak Retina Reflex III. It is a single-lens reflex camera. This means you view and focus *through the lens*—you see the area of the finished picture nearly life-size.

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A long-term investment

Built for many years of use, the Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera is truly a long-term investment. Of course, it will take color slides, color prints and black-and-whites of travel, sports and family activities. More important, it will keep pace with the most demanding hobby or special interest —including the pursuit of pictures for their own sake.

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Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera. The "EK" in the serial number is proof of legal import by Kodak, duty-paid and certified. Camera with 50mm *f*/2.8 lens, less than $215; with 50mm *f*/1.9, on camera below, less than $250. Ask your dealer for exact retail prices. Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down. *Prices are subject to change without notice.*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

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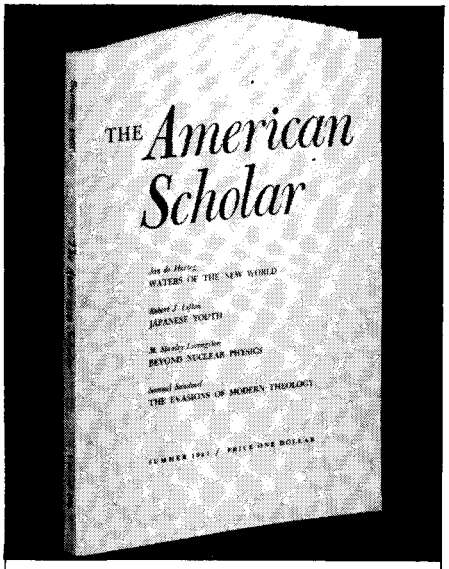

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Saturday Review

JULY 22, 1961

Cover photograph by
Philippe Halsman

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One phrase I'd be happy to see stamped out, completely excised from the language, is the expression "a fun" thing. Whether said of people ("She's a fun girl") or of plays ("It's a fun show"), this is smiling through clenched teeth.

Another sad linguistic affair is the overuse of "superb." My Thorndike-Barnhart dictionary (advt.) says that this means *stately, majestic*—yet it is being applied to everything from movies that fail on a huge scale to hamburgers full of sawdust. What to do, then, about a book you want to say is superb fun?

Give its title, I suppose. *Trip In a Balloon* is just out and, in love as I am with the earlier book involving the same people (called *The Red Balloon*), it's fun to see this one.

The Red Balloon was a book and a motion picture, both produced—on a modest scale—in France by a man named Lamorisse, starring his son, a fine, serious-faced, thatch-haired boy named Pascal. Both book and picture are lovely, modern and yet an ageless allegory. Both are for children, they say, and I'm pleased to qualify.

Trip In a Balloon takes up with Pascal again for a trip in a brilliantly colored gasbag over the countryside of France. First loves being what they are, I can't feel about this one quite the way I do about *The Red Balloon*, but *both* should be in the homes of those who appreciate the uplifting effects of small, sober children, rising balloons, and books that are fun but neither superb nor fun-books.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Red Balloon ($2.95) and *Trip In a Balloon* ($2.95) by Albert Lamorisse are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your local bookseller, including any of the 30 Doubleday Bookshops, one of which is located at 1144 Franklin Avenue, Garden City, New York.

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distinctive
and unusual
CHRISTMAS CARDS

A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards—each one based on a rare object from the Museum's own collections. This year, a Japanese goldsmith's sketch, a rubbing from a medieval church bell, five prancing deer from a patchwork quilt, a carved golden angel, a jeweled book cover, and a Victorian Christmas illustration are among the nearly sixty new designs.

☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1st.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed L4

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

HAPPY ENDING

I used to laugh at folly,
  At men's absurdities;
I found extremely jolly
  Idiosyncrasies
Of people wooing money
  Or following a fad—
These used to strike me funny;
  Now they strike me sad.

The trickeries of vandals,
  Society's pretense,
And governmental scandals,
  And office-insolence,
Vagaries economic,
  Athletic, dietetic—
I used to find them comic;
  Now they seem pathetic.

And yet, the large abstractions,
  Eternities and Fates,
Mortality's exactions,
  The issue that awaits
The gloomy and the glad,
  The sorry and the sunny—
They used to strike me sad;
  Now they strike me funny.

—Morris Bishop.

• • •

THE CHICKEN

1. To get on the other side.
2. The egg did.

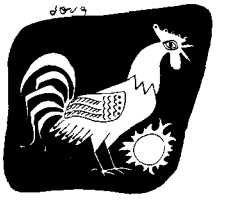
Or it may have evolved from a fish whose scales became feathers . . . which is the scientific explanation and perfectly ridiculous.

The expression "don't be chicken" means "don't be timid or afraid—like a chicken." To be afraid implies imagination, i.e. a conception of the future. A chicken is not afraid of anything except foxes and chicken hawks. It has no future because it associates freely with man, who kills considerably more chickens than foxes and chicken hawks. This certainly shows a lack of foresight and very little imagination. In many languages men say "chicken" referring to an attractive eighteen-year-old female human. We notice that again the reference is to something with a little imagination but certainly no timidity.

Ordinary chickens are Identifiable Non-Flying Objects which sit in long rows in henhouses, eat mash, and lay eggs. That's all. In poorer communities they are allowed to run about freely in order to get hit by automobiles.

Herbert Hoover, a mining engineer, once promised "two chickens in every pot." This was during the Depression when the people couldn't afford large enough pots and the idea never materialized.

Chicken patties are made by killing chickens and making patties out of them. These are served with a sauce made by killing mushrooms and distributing them thinly through some hot mayonnaise. The patties are then served to people who wish they were dead.



Southern fried chicken is a sort of fricassee served from Maine to Vermont. It is offered along with French fried onion rings, a dish designed by Russian spies to kill off the race. Chicken in the basket is the same thing but with the addition of wet paper napkins.

Chicken is a kind of turkey you eat when it's not a holiday. Practically the only dish that can't be made with chicken is snails. This is odd, because, as anyone will tell you, chicken tastes like frogs' legs. —Henry Morgan.

• • •

FISHING FOR MINNOWS ON THE LOWER CHUGAMUNK

IT HAD been quite a while since I had seen a copy of *Sports Outdoors*, so I scanned the issue left at our summer cottage with pleasant anticipation after extricating it from between an August, 1952, *National Geographic* and a rusty cap pistol wrapped in an antimacassar. The virile quality of the prose has not changed since the days when I responded to a tie-in subscription offer to *Sports Outdoors* and *Boy Camper*. Fishermen slammed plugs into the reeds, wildcats screamed, and hunters hurled hot lead into hapless beasts. But somehow the magazine was

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subtly different. After twenty-five years of killing fauna and ogling flora the writers of the wilderness were obviously running dry. To survive the press of civilization they had retreated into the thickets of esotericity. After all, how many articles can one write on "Grouse Shooting in Scotland" or "Climbing for Edelweiss in the Alps"? Thus, the titles had changed to attract the eye of the glutted editor if not the reader. My interest was piqued, however, by "Hunting Leopards with Red Flannel" until I discovered that the author was coyly describing a safari to Lake George to hunt leopard frogs. Another Lochinvar had a more forthright approach in "Shooting Bears with an Air Rifle," but the piece proved to be largely a protracted account of his recovery in a Canadian hospital. In knocking themselves out in their search for the unwonted, no game was too small and no lure too obscure for the atomic age sportsman. Apparently even the hunting of field mice became a worthy sport if effected with a blowgun in a high wind.

Encouraged by these examples, I feel that a record of some childhood experiences of mine on the Lower Chugamunk may be of interest. The following account has been dispatched to the editor of *Sports Outdoors*, and I am hopefully awaiting a reply, confident that I have caught the trend:

The water boiled as a silvery fish hit the lure. I pulled sharply, setting the hook into 1/16 of an ounce of fighting fury. For the next five seconds I was battling the least appreciated game fish on the North American continent—the Chugamunk minnow. I've fished everywhere for everything—steelheads in Idaho, bass in Ontario, bluefish off Montauk—but pound for pound I'll match the Chugamunk minnow against them all. Of course, on ordinary tackle it's no contest, but take a few feet of Clark's No. 000000 thread and a long Swedish matchstick and you're in business. The minnow, though small, is a relative of the tarpon and knows it! He'll take any lure smaller than the head of a pin, but my favorite is bread crumbs—not ordinary bread, mind you, but slightly stale pumpernickel. On this bait I've caught enough fish to keep my parents in canapes through two martinis. Incidentally, I'm not going to divulge the exact location of my favorite fishing spot, but I will reveal that it's on the Lower Chugamunk—a continuation of the Upper Chugamunk. The murky, iridescent waters of the Lower Chugamunk are also known locally as Brown's Drainage Ditch. Not the least of the thrills in this sort of fishing is dodging blasts from Brown's shotgun. But that's another story.

—Edwin D. Kilbourne.

SAUL BELLOW

in Esquire . . . on Khrushchev

He lives under an iron necessity to be right. What he perhaps remembers best about men who were not right is their funerals.

DAVID SCHOENBRUN

in Esquire . . . on DeGaulle

If he were to die, to depart or to be deposed by force before bringing about an honorable end to the Algerian war, then France would become another Spain, subjected to a Franco-like dictatorship.

MARTIN MAYER

in Esquire . . . quoting Antal Dorati

To a great extent, musical performance is a matter of decision. If you want to make it good, it will come out good, very probably. This bloody mistake-making is not at all necessary. Conductor's technique is a fake, really; it is only the ability to convince the men.

GORE VIDAL

in Esquire . . . on social climbing

Although it is possible to live a successful life in the United States without ever noticing class differences, for those so-minded our social structure is actually every bit as complex and hieratic as the ancient Byzantine court . . . "Inequality," observed William Dean Howells somewhat unexpectedly, "is as dear to the American heart as liberty itself."

DOROTHY PARKER

in Esquire . . . on historical novels

I wish people would either write history, or write novels, or go out and sell nylons.

WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

in Esquire . . . on D. H. Lawrence

He could not stand to be touched. He evidently was not homosexual but anti-sexual, repelled by intimacy of any kind and exceedingly uncomfortable with women, perhaps because he grew up in a family of males and spent his life in male occupations.

JOHN CROSBY

in The New York Herald Tribune . . . on Esquire

Esquire assumes you're a part of the avant garde, or otherwise what are you doing reading the magazine? This is marvelously flattering, and it seems to be working with a vast number of readers.

Not since the halcyon days of **Vanity Fair** has any magazine become such a repository for what is controversial, compelling and colorful. Even rival publications doff their hats to today's new Esquire: **The Nation** calls it "the best-edited mass magazine being published in the United States." If you haven't taken a look at Esquire recently, the coupon below offers you an economical way to sample its new features and fiction, delight in its striking new artists and photographers, take pleasure in its many typographic and layout innovations. Mail the coupon today, and your subscription will include without extra cost Esquire's famed $1-a-copy year-end annual—a Jubilee Edition put together with such Medici splendor that previous issues have become collector's items. Charge your subscription if you like.

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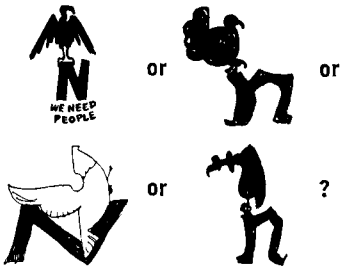
INSIDE NATIONWIDE

THE LETTERS are still coming in, and we're glad. But really, what good is a suggestion like



We're talking about our symbol — or, rather, the column about our symbol that ran in this space a few weeks ago. The column pointed out how nobody seems to associate our symbol —

with us, and asked for suggestions. We got them. A deluge of them. But out of the whole stack, only two were sincere attempts to be helpful. If we didn't know better, we'd suspect that SR readers think symbols are something to joke about. Just look:

"Didn't you ever feel a weeny bit curious as to why your symbol consisted of a one-winged eagle hell-bent in the wrong direction?"

"In my opinion, you do have a crummy symbol. Your bird looks like it's tacked to a wall."

"So it's an eagle! It looks like a hand pointing skyward from out of a sleeve. It suggests undertaker rather than underwriter."

"I suggest a photo of a beatnik — the beard and turtleneck sweater bit — with a caption saying, 'There are some men Nationwide can't help.'"

Surely SR readers can be more constructive than this. Want to try? Hurry! Address Dept. SR, Nationwide Insurance, 246 N. High St., Columbus 16, Ohio. *No prizes; absolutely no compensation of any kind.* Facetious entries will be tacked to a wall somewhere. Like our eagle.

Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office; Columbus, O.

NATIONWIDE

America's most progressive insurance organization

TRADE Winds

IT ALL STARTED when we made an innocent call to Peoria, Illinois. Tracking down the number through long distance information, we were shocked to discover that there was no exchange name connected with the call at all: just three extra numbers, 6-8-5, instead of a lyrical, colorful name like EVergreen, FOrest, BOwling Green, or whatever.

"What's happened?" we asked the operator.

"I'm not sure," she said. "But I think they're going to do away with *all* the exchange names."

"But they *can't!*" we protested. "All the romance will be gone from everything."

"I'll try your number, sir," she said, and went on with the call.

We studied the numbers 6-8-5 on the dial, and noted that the 6-8 combination could account for plenty of name possibilities. With M-N-O and T-U-V to work with, the phone engineers could preserve tradition, if pressed, with NUmismatic 5-; or NUclear Energy 5-; or even NUdibranchia 5-. The possibilities were limitless. OVid 5- for the classicists; NTh Degree 5- for mathematicians; MUtation 5- for biologists; OUster 5- for shellfish, and so on. What was the matter with the phone people?

THE LOSS OF TRADITIONAL exchange names raises some unhappy questions. What will become of fiction titles like "Butterfield 8"? What about plays like the old-timer "SPring 3100"? What about all sorts of folklore and colorful place-names that would go out the window? It was bad enough when the Tin Pan Alley song "Hello Central, Give Me Heaven" went out of date with the dialing system. What was going to happen now to songs like Glenn Miller's famous "Pennsylvania 6-5000"? What was the New York Chapter of the Knights of Columbus going to do with its current listing of COlumbus 5-1492? We decided to check the whole story, for better or for worse, with the New York Telephone Company.

OVER A CUP OF COFFEE with a Mr. Henry Senber, who keeps the public informed about the phone company's activities, we learned the worst.

"We're sort of sad about it, too," Mr. Senber admitted. "Very sad. Eventually, we're going to have to lose some wonderful historical exchange names like Rhinelander, Schuyler, Watkins, and Whitehall. Butterfield 8 will be a thing of the past. But the number of phones throughout the country has been growing by logarithms. Right after World War II, we had 30,000,000 phones. Today, this has more than doubled—75,000,000. There just aren't enough letter and number combinations to go around. Especially with DDD—that's 'Direct Distance Dialing'—where over half the country can now call anywhere almost as easily as making a local call. Believe me, it's sad—but it's necessary."

AS AN OLD THEATRE MAN with an interest in literature, Mr. Senber was genuinely sympathetic. But he pointed out that when the first directory came out in New Haven in 1878, there were only some fifty subscribers, and all you had to do was ask for old Reverend Todd or the New Haven Flour Company, and you were connected. Later that year, Manhattan came along with 270 phones, and the same system applied. The only book publisher listed then, incidentally, was D. Appleton & Company.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS first were just that: no exchange was necessary, and all were cleared through "Central." When the lines began to get overloaded, the traffic was split up and the various exchanges took on the names of local geography, such as Wadsworth, Walker, or Watkins; or of well-known local people such as Butterfield, Chickering, or Ingersoll. When dialing came along, starting in the early Twenties, it was necessary to use, for the most part, only the first two letters of the exchange. The full name of the exchange itself was used mainly for long distance calls. In order to de-emphasize exchange names—some of which had been fiercely defended on the basis of local pride—the New York company issued a statement insisting that "the 'ring' in SPring doesn't mean a thing . . . ," indicating that only the first two letters really counted.

When Direct Distance Dialing was ready to be launched, the problem of unfamiliar place-names really hit. How

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would a subscriber in Iowa figure out what letters to use for the Philadelphia suburb of Cynwyd? People unfamiliar with the Pennsylvania Dutch country would stumble over dialing "Ephrata," to say nothing of the confusion that would be caused by such places as Koeponick, Illahee, Scruggs, Hye, Quiggleville (there is no "Q" on the phone dial), and Zelienople (and no "Z" either).

CONSEQUENTLY, the great leveling process began. Names all over the country began to be changed to simple, plain, dull, standardized, and easily understandable words like ACademy, ADams, DUdley, LOcust, and WEbster. One Southern community was assigned ULysses as an exchange, but after furious protest it was switched to ULrick. A Western mining town thought TUlip was too sissy, and it got TUcker instead. Gone is the romance, the color, the local tradition—but arrived is more efficiency.

THERE IS A bright side to the story, however. With all-number calling looming up in the future, the letters will be eliminated from the dials, making them simpler and easier to use. Eventually, push buttons will replace the old dial itself; numbers will be signalled much faster. You'll be able to dial someday to telephones anywhere in the world—even those countries whose alphabets are different from ours.

Of course, when somebody asks what your number is, you're going to have to tell him something as long as 311-555-2368, which is a pretty deadly collection of numbers. And you'll miss some of those magical, musical exchanges like HYacinth and RIverside.

Progress, it seems, is inexorable. But if they ever try to change people's names to Social Security numbers, we resign from the human race.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1425)

(LONDON) CHURCH TIMES:
(THE) MOTORIST'S PRAYER

Grant me a steady hand and watchful eye,
That no man shall be hurt when I pass by. . . .

Shelter those, dear Lord, who bear me company.

Teach me to use my car for others' need,
Nor miss through love of speed
The beauties of thy world; that thus I may,
With joy and courtesy, go on my way.

A WARNING

to people
who have purchased

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Laboratory Test Findings:

Shure laboratory tests show that the imitation stylus assemblies labeled as replacements for the Shure Model N7D Stylus Assembly vary drastically in important performance characteristics. For example, the compliance varied from a low of 0.9 to a high of 11.5, requiring 9.0 grams to track a record with a low compliance stylus, and 2 grams with a high compliance stylus. The high compliance stylus retracted at 4 grams needle force, allowing the cartridge case to drag on the record surface, thereby becoming inoperative. Response at high frequency (relative to the 1kc level) ranged from a 5.5db peak to a drop of 7.5db. Separation varied from "good" (27db) to "poor" (16.5db) at 1kc. These figures reveal that there is very little consistency in performance characteristics of the imitation Dynetic Styli.

In each of the categories shown above, the results ranged from good to poor. As a matter of fact, only 10% of the samples met the Shure performance standards for the Shure N7D Stereo Dynetic Stylus. In addition to our test findings, our Service Department records show that an increasing number of Dynetic Phono Cartridges are being returned because of poor performance—and our examination has disclosed that most of these returned cartridges are using imitation Dynetic Styli.

Conclusion: Obviously, if an imitation Dynetic Stylus is used, we cannot guarantee that the performance of Shure Dynetic cartridges will meet the published Shure specifications. Accept no substitute.

* *look for this wording:*

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Saturday Review

JULY 22, 1961

POETRY AS KNOWLEDGE

Dialogue with a Realist

The main currents and crosscurrents of contemporary poetry, both in the United States and abroad, are reflected in this Accent on Poetry issue for 1961. In articles, essays, reviews, and poems, SR's contributors offer a guide to recent developments in the poet's world. Below, John Ciardi, SR's poetry editor, continues his dialogue between the Poet and the Citizen, a conversation that began in the issue of November 22, 1958, and was further developed in that of September 19, 1959. Elsewhere in these pages, Robert D. Spector surveys the poetry published during the last few months, Kimon Friar comments on poems and poets of modern Greece, and Richard Elman reports on a publisher in Denver with a special interest in poetry. Finally, since the poem's the thing, some poets speak for themselves.

By JOHN CIARDI

"AT OUR last session," says the Citizen, "you were claiming that the end product of a poem was knowledge."

"I'll stand by that," says the Poet. "But I also said 'The indispensable *experience of knowledge* that defines a human being. The poem takes a man through the moment of experience to the moment of insight. It arouses and adds to his total sentience.' Those were my exact words."

"They were," agrees the Citizen.

"Then let me add explicitly what is already implicit in them—that the experience of knowledge in a poem is always a self-delighting thing. As Horace put it, the end of poetry is 'to teach and delight,' or, more exactly rendered, 'teaching while delighting.'"

"Very well," says the Citizen. "Those were your words, and now we have more words. But what do they mean, if anything? Suppose it all turns out to be just one more way of saying that you poets have a good time messing around with words?"

"The best of times," says the Poet. "I like to mess around with words."

"But," says the Citizen, "you just hate to say it flatly."

"I have just said it flatly."

"Like the old alchemists," the Citizen continues, ignoring him, "you toss off a lot of fancy mumbo-jumbo to make a simple-minded process seem mysterious and profound."

"Are you saying that poets are like those alchemists, or that critics are?"

"Well, the critics, I suppose," says the Citizen.

"And," says the Poet, "what if one out of every so many critics actually is that sort of mystifier (though I'll bet you have never read one that really qualifies that way)—need that damn all critics, including the good ones?"

"What I mean," says the Citizen, "is—"

"I have twice granted you," says the Poet, taking his own turn at bulldozing the conversation, "that poets love to 'mess around' with words. I could argue that language is one of the profoundest and most singular of human activities, and that any man messing around with words is playing with one of our most essential tools of knowledge and one of our most essential human experiences, but let's leave that out of it for now, and let me ask you a counter-question. You are, as you told me in our last session, a chemical engineer. Don't you like to mess around in the laboratory?"

"Everyone putters some," says the Citizen. "That's not the same thing as work."

"What do you call work?"

"Call it anything that gets a job done or adds to knowledge."

"But isn't it possible for a putterer to stumble onto something he could not have found in any other way?"

The Citizen grimaces. "Legend to the contrary," he says, "precious little gets discovered by accident these days. But all right, let's say an accident can happen."

"Bless them," says the Poet. "I spend all my life puttering around and waiting for the right accidents to happen to me."

"Now wait a minute," says the Citizen. "We are about to get derailed. For the sake of order, I'll withdraw what I said about alchemical mumbo-jumbo. But you were claiming that the end product of poetry is knowledge. I know that the end product of research is knowledge. But even granted that a lucky accident once in a lifetime can stumble onto a piece of knowledge, you can't be serious—not even you—about making freak accident into an epistemology."

"A real mumbo-jumbo word, that big fat epistemology of yours," says the Poet.

"NEVER mind that," says the Citizen. "The point is that knowledge must be acquired by the orderly process of a trained and careful (which is to say, a self-checking) mind. Knowledge has to be exact or it's guesswork."

"I can't agree with that all the way," says the Poet, "but for the sake of the discussion and to avoid any more dirty work in the semantic clinches, I'll accept it as put. In our earlier sessions we discussed the exactness of a good poem in its own way. Whatever putters toward the poem must finally take its place in a form, and form is a rigorously self-checking thing. We now have to ask, first, if poetry has anything to do

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with mind in good order, and second, if that kind of order leads to knowledge. Will you accept that agenda?"

"Accepted," says the Citizen.

"All right, then: has poetry anything to do with mind in good order?" says the Poet. "Let me begin by trying to describe the kind of exact knowledge you go after in the laboratory.

"I once heard an engineer speak on what he called 'creative thinking.' He broke the process down into five steps, and as nearly as I can recall them they were: 1) define the limits of your problem; 2) undertake the qualitative analysis of your problem; 3) perform the quantitative mathematics required by your analysis; 4) check your mathematics; and 5) find the mechanical implementation of your mathematical solution. Is that a fair accounting of what you mean by mind working in good order?"

"Like you, I could argue a word or two, but for the sake of the discussion, I accept it as a fair accounting."

"Would you also call it creative thinking?" asks the Poet.

"I think you're sneering again," says the Citizen. "Why do you hate to let anyone else use the word 'creative'? The process is certainly creative. It creates knowledge. And exact knowledge."

"I deny any thought of sneering," says the Poet. "I won't even ask why you suspect a sneer. I am concerned only with trying to make a distinction I think you could accept.

"The kind of thinking the engineer described is both useful and admirable. It can lead to some substantial good things. There remain, however, other substantial good things to which it cannot lead, and that second kind of substantial good is most exactly the kind of knowledge that grows out of poetry.

"If you will allow me to call the engineer's kind of thinking 'problem-solving'—understanding that to label an admirable thing, and if you will allow me to call the poet's process 'formalizing'—understanding by that no self-adulatory label; then I think some distinctions can be marked out.

"Those five steps of the problem-solving mind can lead to a lot of answers. But no man can come to the cardinal points of his life and meet them in terms of those five steps. Life-problems do not come up with neat enough limits for that. Can you, for example, get married by defining, qualifying, checking, and implementing the girl? Or if your child has an emotional problem, can you lead him or her to understanding in those five steps? Or when you walk out under the stars and discover how small you are in the universe, can you come to any better knowledge of yourself in those five steps?"

"Hold it right there," says the Citizen. "If you are asking me whether or not I have the answers to life, death, and the buzzing universe, I certainly have not: I admit the limits of my knowledge. But if you are going to take my admission of limitation as your license to peddle the unknown, I won't stand for it."

"The thought," says the Poet, "never entered by head. Who am I to stock solved-in-full universes? The question, you will recall, was whether or not poetry had anything to do with mind in good order. My point is that once you get beyond the limits of a specific physical problem and start dealing with knowledge of human emotions, those five steps of the problem-solving process cease to be mind in good order. If the question is, for instance, 'What is a man?' then those five steps are not apt means of knowing what needs to be known."

"Very well," says the Citizen. "Let's assume that I am that stupid, limited problem-solver, and you tell me just what it is that needs to be known."

"LET me assume instead that you are a human being with more motivations mixed into you than any of us is likely to get entirely straight. Will you, in turn, grant that 'What is a man?' is a question worth asking, and that any order of mind that can aptly engage that question is in good order and leads to substantial knowledge?"

"Fine," says the Citizen. "Granted. Now show me what that order of mind is and what it has to do with poetry as knowledge."

"Let's begin at a low level," says the Poet.

"Thank you for not losing me at the start," says the Citizen with a mock bow.

"Not at all," says the Poet. "As you probably know better than I, electronic brains are now being built that are able to learn. One such machine has taught itself to play checkers, and now beats its own inventor. A more complex machine could be made that would teach itself to play unbeatable chess. The principle, as I understand it, is that the machine is given the basic instructions of the game, then told to file away every situation that leads to a losing game, and never to repeat any situation in that file. It follows, therefore, that by the time the machine has made every possible mistake (which it will never repeat), it will make only moves that are not mistakes and it will, therefore, be unbeatable, though it may be played to a draw. Interestingly, if my information is correct, the machine has to be told when it has won, lost, or played to a draw. *It can win but it cannot know it has won.*"

"It shouldn't be too hard to build in that recognition," says the Citizen, "but keep going."

"But what are the limits of the machine?" says the Poet. "I was once seriously asked by an IBM man why I thought an electronic brain could not write a poem. Let me say at once he

"Hop in, Henry."

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was not suggesting that a machine could write a poem. He knew it couldn't, but he was interested in my reasons for believing it could not. I suggested a simpler demonstration. Let's leave out the order of mind that writes a poem. I suggested, instead, that if he would build an electronic poker player, and that if he would then back the machine with the total resources of IBM, I would undertake to win the whole shebang from any contraption that would commit itself to five-card stud."

THE Citizen shrugged. "You wouldn't even have to be very good. There are just more variables in poker than a machine could be set for."

"That," said the Poet, "is just my point. Poker is not mechanically predictable. The players must guess-out and out-guess one another. Yet, certainly, the whole process involves much more than simple chance. Over the long pull, the same players always turn out to be the winners. They know something that makes them winners. No matter that they cannot classify what they know, and cannot break it down into five, or twenty-five, or a million exact steps. They know something and their performance attests. Nor is there any set order in which their knowldege is to be acquired. It is the knowledge of experience. The good players have made themselves sensitive to an environment: they *feel* their way to that knowledge. And it is, you will grant, useful knowledge."

"Very useful," says the Citizen ruefully. "But what has all this to do with 'What is a man'?"

"Quite a lot," says the Poet. "If a poker game involves more variables than even an electronic problem-solver can file away, how many variables are there in life itself to defy the over-systematic mind?"

"Hold on," says the Citizen. "You beg the question when you say 'oversystematic.' If it is *over*systematic, then it is excessive, and I will not be left to defend excess. It is up to you to show that it is, in fact, excessive, and if you can demonstrate that, I grant your point."

"Right you are," says the Poet. "I'll withdraw that phrasing. Let me say instead that whatever is involved in these variables will not yield to the idea of *exactness* as involved, say, in physical measurement."

"Very well," says the Citizen. "At the present stage of our knowledge there are all sorts of things we cannot be entirely exact about, but if you are going to throw out exactness, what are you going to put in its place?"

"I am not throwing out the idea of exactness," says the Poet. "Let us by all means be exact where exactness is possible. There still remains an order of mind that can lead to knowledge of the inexact. It is that order of mind that must engage the question 'What is a man?' And poetry, I argue, has a great deal to do with that order of mind. Poetry is in fact a means to the knowledge one must have before he can ask that question meaningfully. I used poker as a low-scale example. Let me jump high up the scale, and take an example from Greek mythology."

"Oh come now," says the Citizen. "I'm pushing fifty these days with twinges of mortality between the martinis, and I can testify that chemical engineering doesn't do anything about the chemistry of that thought. Nor do I want to think of my kids as particles of energy caught into atoms made up into molecules of organic goo. But why drag in all those gods and goddesses and their queer shenanigans?"

"Read Greek mythology as a series of queer shenanigans and you end up with an anthology of odd tales, all of them interesting enough in themselves. But what really goes on in those tales is a drama of the psyche. They go, let us say, by parables. And parables are a profound and meaningful way not only of speaking but of acquiring knowledge. Everything in those parables of Greek mythology comes together in endless interrelationships to make a drama of the unconscious. What the myths do is dramatize the inner urgencies, frustrations, longings, triumphs, defeats, and cross-motives of every man. Hence the number of terms in psychiatry that have been drawn from them. The myths dramatize man's knowledge of himself.

"TAKE, for example, the story of Pygmalion. Is it simply an odd tale about a sculptor who created a statue so beautiful that he fell in love with it? Through love of what he had himself created (expressed in his prayer to Venus) he gave life to his creation and the statue became his wife. Is that simply a tale? Does not every man at some time to some extent fall in love with an image he has himself created? In science you would call such an insight a law: that every man at some time to some extent falls in love with an image he has himself created. I am satisfied to call it simply knowledge, and to find joy both in the knowldege and in the way it has revealed itself.

"That is no sort of knowledge for the problem-solving mind, perhaps. We must read the myth with our minds keyed to a more various and more supple allegorical mood.

"That tale, moreover, is simply a beginning. The generations of Pygmalion and of his statue-wife are also part of the sequence. From them was born a daughter and from her was born Cinyras, a mythological king of Crete. And the daughter of Cinyras was Myrrha, who conceived an unconquerable passion for her father and stole into his bed at night to lie with him.

"Note how the passions answer one another. Pygmalion fell in love with the image he had himself created, and through his godly passion (his prayer to Venus) he brought that image to life. His great-granddaughter fell in love with the image of her creator—her father—and through an earth-passion with no touch of godliness in it, brought about her father's death (for he took his life when he learned what had happened), and she was herself turned into a tree (with its roots as a further drama of the earth-trace).

"Certainly the second tale, taken with the first, has added something to

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"He called me wee, sleeket, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie!"

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THE NEW HAVANA

—Monkmeyer.

Nationalized country club in Havana—The once exclusive Biltmore Country Club is now open to the public; signs on sun shelters read "United We Will Conquer."

By HANS KONINGSBERGER, *novelist and journalist who recently visited Cuba to gather material for a forthcoming political study of that and other parts of the world.*

WHEN the passengers of the Cubana plane from New York step down onto Havana's airfield, they are serenaded by three boys strumming guitars and wearing long blue *guayabera* shirts. Young *militianos*, toting a variety of rifles and pistols, sit on the wall, smoke, and watch. Beyond them, an antiaircraft gun points at the sky.

Three months after the invasion of Cuba, halfway down the third year of the Cuban revolution, Cuba's capital is a complex city. It is no longer the rich, corrupt, tourist paradise it was in the days of Castro's predecessor Batista; in fact, there isn't a tourist on the island. Before the revolution Havana seemed like a gay structure superimposed on, and insulated from, a primitive hinterland; there was little road traffic on the highways radiating west, south, and east. Town and country—the neon-lit shopping streets and the dark african hovels only an hour's drive away—seemed centuries apart.

Now Havana is the capital of a peasant's republic. Farm laborers and their families, who had seldom seen a paved street before, are brought in by the thousands on visits, trucks roll along the roads, carrying building materials and *militianos*. These, members of a real "people's army" in French Revolution style, stand guard, and build houses and roads all over the island, thus creating a new and vast movement of population. Officials of the intensely agrarian and education-minded government dash all over the country from Havana offices.

But Havana has not been pervaded by the grayish utilitarian atmosphere of an Iron Curtain capital like Bucharest or Belgrade. It has acquired a dual personality of its own, retaining the flavor of Latin America and the Caribbean sun and adding that of a city in revolution. Physically, it has changed little. Under the new housing laws, all tenants will eventually be owners of the houses they live in; this also means they have to do their own repairs. Some old residents say that as a result the city looks shabbier, others say it does not, with the dividing line determined by their anti- or pro-Castro status. The parks, shrubbery, and trees in the exclusive sections of Miramar and Vedado are splendidly kept. No one is building privately in Havana these days, but the state is working on its school city, Ciudad Libertad, in the western section, and on a huge complex of "workers' homes" east of the borderline of the town. These developments look surprisingly undreary, with a dash of Italian in the architecture. At the Malecon Boulevard, which runs all along the sea, the "José Martí stadium" is going up, the future scene of mass meetings and mass entertainment. A little farther along the boulevard stands the United States Embassy, strangely muted with its glass doors and ground-floor windows behind blue wooden shutters, the Swiss white-cross-on-red at the flagpole. Inside, Swiss diplomats are taking care of things with just a slight air of awareness that all this could neither happen in, nor to, Switzerland.

The well-to-do citizens of Havana —those who have stayed—still manage to a degree to keep up their way of living, with private houses, cars, and bank accounts intact, but with income from property sharply curtailed. The best Havana restaurants and night clubs are alive, if not exactly kicking; the private beach and yacht clubs were nationalized on the occasion of Cuba's independence day, May 20. In Cuba's traditional well-nigh colonial society, the poor had looked upon the rich as if they were foreigners, a completely different species; adaptation to the new situation, even if they want it, will cause these rich considerable strain and stress.

Castro is said to sleep only four hours a night, and his government is certainly working at a staggering pace. Batista's ministries were open only in the morning, but office hours are now from 8 to 12 and from 2 to 6, with the evenings reserved for executive conferences. There must be considerable confusion and waste in the execution of all these new programs by new people, but the *mañana* spirit is now only a nostaglic memory. One of the most prominent buildings in town, started by Batista as the town hall and finished by the revolution, houses INRA, the Agrarian Reform Institute. INRA is the principal government body, dealing not only with agriculture, but also with transport, industries, and a host of other things. In fact, INRA seems a kind of state within the state, the only real organization Castro has to carry out his own ideas. He has his office here, but more often than not he has stepped away from his desk, to one or the other end of the island. The atmosphere here is not exactly ministerial; it feels more like a campus office where they have only one more week to turn out the college yearbook.

IN fact, the most salient aspect of this revolution is the extreme youth of the people who are running things. It took me three days to arrange to see a Mr. Mazola, head of ICAP, an agency handling government contacts with foreign journalists, technicians, and other visitors; when I finally met Mr. Mazola, I found him to be about twenty years old. A large cooperative farm I visited near the south coast of the island was administered by

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A Pilgrimage of Sorts

By Granville Hicks

AS A subtitle for this essay I propose "Some Places of Literary Interest in the Berkshires," which is prosy and old-fashioned but exact. Although I am a resident of upstate New York, my home is close to the Massachusetts border—in fact, within sight of Mount Greylock—and I know the Berkshires fairly well. I was happy, therefore, to act as guide when some guests of ours from the Middle West suggested a literary tour.

We crossed the Taconic Range, and then, as we dropped down towards Williamstown, took a side road to look at the house that Sinclair Lewis occupied in the later years of his life. He didn't occupy it much, as a matter of fact, for he spent most of his time in Europe, but this was his American base. After his death, it was bought by the Carmelite Fathers, whose additions have taken away from the grandeur it once had. However, its greatest charm remains—an imposing view of Greylock.

Greylock is itself a literary shrine. Hawthorne and Emerson visited and admired it and wrote about it in their Journals. Thoreau spent a night on the summit, so that he could behold the sunrise, and wrote eloquently of the experience. Melville built a piazza on the north side of Arrowhead, his home in Pittsfield, so that he could look out on the mountain, and he dedicated "Pierre," that almost great book, to "Greylock's Most Excellent Majesty."

We went south to Lanesboro, stopping at the old cemetery to see the grave of Henry Wheeler Shaw, who was known to hundreds of thousands as Josh Billings, one of the popular humorists and crackerbox philosophers of the mid-nineteenth century. Also in Lanesboro we took a look at Balance Rock, a natural phenomenon of some intrinsic interest. Its literary interest derives from the fact that Melville described it dramatically in "Pierre," although, in order to do so, he had to move it to the Hudson Valley.

Our first stop in Pittsfield was the Herman Melville Memorial Room in the Berkshire Athenaeum. The collection is miscellaneous, and we did not have time enough to examine it carefully, but we saw much that interested us. There is a desk Melville used, and there is other furniture from his home. There are pictures of him and his family, and there are many family mementoes. There are books by and about him. Only indirectly relevant to Melville's work but exciting to look at is the collection of scrimshaw donated by Willis I Milhan.

The house that Oliver Wendell Holmes built near the banks of the Housatonic could not be entered, but we drove in the long lane from Holmes Road and saw the sprawling two-story building in which, the doctor said, he spent "seven blessed summers." We looked across Canoe Meadows to the river, and I recalled his pun: "The best tonic is the Housatonic." Long after leaving the house, he remembered with pride that he had set out more than 700 trees, and, as we surveyed the heavily wooded estate, we wondered whether we were looking on his handiwork.

Not far away is Arrowhead, certainly as sacred a spot for lovers of literature as the continent holds, since here "Moby Dick" was written. There is a plaque mounted on a boulder, but the house is emphatically not open to the public. From the outside one can see that there have been many changes. For instance, the porch, about which Melville wrote in the Introduction to "The Piazza Tales," has been torn down. And I have been told that the interior has been even more disastrously altered. It is all a pity, but at least one can enjoy the view of Greylock in which Melville took so much pleasure. The Berkshires, of course, did not touch his imagination as the sea had done, but he wrote several excellent short stories with Berkshire settings.

As we entered Lenox, I pointed out the church in which William Ellery Channing, theologian and man of letters, delivered his last sermon. And we left the town by way of Kemble Street, named for Fanny Kemble, actress and author, whose presence enlivened many a Berkshire summer.

We were in search of the Mount, the Edith Wharton house, which is now part of the Fox Hollow School. In her autobiography, "A Backward Glance," Mrs. Wharton refers to it as "spacious and dignified," which is something of an understatement. Said to be a copy of an early Georgian manor in Lincolnshire, it is by no means the least impressive structure in an area that went in for grandeur, and its formal gardens are tremendous. Mrs. Wharton spent more than ten years here, and would have been happy, she says, to stay indefinitely if her husband's health had permitted. Here she wrote her best known and perhaps least typical book, "Ethan Frome," and much else. Although the upper stories are now sleeping quarters for Fox Hollow students, the downstairs rooms retain enough of their old splendor to suggest the style in which the Whartons lived.

Henry James visited his disciple in the fall of 1904, and he wrote a few pages about his experience in "The American Scene," describing the autumnal landscape, which charmed him, and speculating on the rise of an American leisure class, which seemed to him a good omen.

In the spring of 1850 Nathaniel Hawthorne and his family moved into a little cottage overlooking the Stockbridge Bowl. The cottage burned down a long time ago, but a replica has been built. The building is now used in connection with the Tanglewood Music Festival, but at least it marks the spot where "The House of the Seven Gables" was written, and one can see the view of Monument Mountain and Mount Everett on which Hawthorne so

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often commented in his Journals. Monument Mountain, incidentally, has its own literary significance, for William Cullen Bryant wrote a poem about it, and it was on an expedition to its summit that Hawthorne and Melville met.

Walter Pritchard Eaton once observed that three great books had been written in the Berkshires: "Moby Dick," "The House of the Seven Gables," and Jonathan Edwards's "Enquiry Into Freedom of Will." Edwards spent seven years of his life, seven years of exile, as missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, but there is not much to be found in the Berkshires that is associated with him. However, we did visit the Mission House, which was built by his predecessor as missionary, John Sergeant, and we saw a desk that is sometimes said, apparently not on very good authority, to have belonged to Edwards. And we saw a charming old house and a varied collection of colonial artifacts.

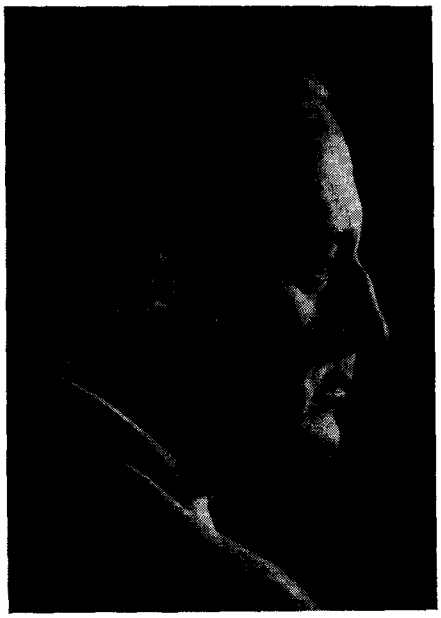
Across the street from the Mission House stands the home of the Sedgwicks, Stockbridge's great family in the nineteenth century. Several of them were literary, and one of them, Catherine Sedgwick, figures in the literary histories as a pioneer of the local-color school. Her first novel, "A New England Tale," published in 1822, has some lively and well-observed passages.

We could have gone further and seen more. On the outskirts of Stockbridge is the Ice Glen, a wild gorge filled with huge boulders. Miss Sedgwick worked it into "A New England Tale," and did an effective description. A little further south we could have taken the trail to the top of Monument Mountain, as Hawthorne and Melville and a gay party did on August 5, 1850. Just beyond is Great Barrington, which is Bryant country. For that matter, we might have gone over to Cummington, where the Bryant Homestead is open to the public. But we had seen a lot, and we turned back.

As we drove home, we discussed the question of literary shrines. It is a pity that Arrowhead has been so drastically altered and is closed to the public, but the long neglect of Melville explains the neglect of his home. Holmesdale and the Mount are not comparably sacred spots, but at least there could be markers. On the other hand, the places I have mentioned can be found if one studies the guidebooks, and we were agreed that, even in their present state, they are worth looking at. It is good to know in what kind of setting a writer's work was done, and when a setting has such beauty as the Berkshires, a pilgrimage can be a joy.

WORLD

The Zig and Zag of Diplomacy



John Gunther—"vivid, wide-ranging."

"Inside Europe Today," by John Gunther *(Harper. 356 pp. $4.95), surveys that continent anew in the manner made famous by the author in an earlier age of anxiety. William H. Stringer is chief of the Washington News Bureau of the Christian Science Monitor.*

By William H. Stringer

JOHN GUNTHER could hardly have better timed his totally new "Inside Europe Today" unless, by some magic of the printers' art, he could have gone to press the day before yesterday.

Europe has suddenly resumed its status as cockpit of the East-West struggle. President de Gaulle, ordering home a French division from the Algerian checkmate, has underscored the central peril to the West: Premier Khrushchev's demand for revision of the status of West Berlin. John Gunther appropriately begins his rapid account —as he did twenty-five years ago in "Inside Europe"—with Germany.

This volume is typically Guntherian —vivid, wide-ranging, quick-fire; no deep psychoanalysis, no involved personal viewpont. However, Gunther has written a meaningful clarification of each major problem and responsibly sketched each major personality.

But there are still those vignettes and casual facts that made "Inside Asia" and "Inside Russia" such cracking good reading, such as his explanation that an automobile accident years ago, with resultant facial surgery, gives Chancellor Adenauer that surprisingly Mongolian cast of countenance.

Yet for all of his renowned timeliness Gunther hasn't quite been able to cram in the latest dispatches. He neatly details the zigs and zags of Khrushchev's diplomacy since that first six-month Berlin ultimatum of November 27, 1958—the Camp David mellowness, and the U-2 debacle—but his history ends with Khrushchev espousing a fairly moderate line, though he warns that a new tougher approach may develop any moment. It certainly has!

Gunther does not propose Berlin solutions, no doubt leaving that to President Kennedy. Would retreat from West Berlin endanger far more than the freedom of 2,250,000 Berliners? Gunther believes it would be "an irreparably damaging blow to the whole of the democratic world."

What makes Khrushchev run? Gunther remarks that he is no megalomaniac as was Hitler; on the other hand, Hitler could not, by pressing a button, reduce the world to ashes. Gunther reports, though with necessary brevity, the resounding arguments between Peking and Moscow, culminating in the "Communist Summit" conference of November 1960. Here the Chinese accepted Khrushchev's position that war between Communism and the West was not inevitable. In return, of course, the Russians agreed to proceed strongly and uncompromisingly to do everything in their power, short of nuclear war, to accelerate the speed of revolution. "Peaceful co-existence" has become a very rugged experience.

Gunther believes that Khrushchev, while pressed hard by Peking, is still flirting fitfully with the West, because "he doesn't relish at all being at the mercy of Mao Tse-tung some fine day."

He errs in one of those typical Guntherian roundups, this time about what Khrushchev hates most, fears most, and wants most. He says that Mr. K most wants "disarmament." Moscow's new frigidness toward the nuclear test ban and its callous approach to the dis-

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armament talks have led Washington officials to conclude that, as of now, the Kremlin is not at all interested in disarmament.

But Gunther is exactly right in saying that what Moscow most fears is German rearmament. If West Germany should pass into less "European hands" than those of Konrad Adenauer, if it should achieve its own nuclear arsenal and then begin to scheme for the lost territories—this specter haunts the Russians, who suffered grievously from Hitler's attack. If only Khrushchev could confine his demands to methods for keeping Bonn de-nuclearized—or could perceive that the safest Germany is one welded into the Western community through the Common Market, Euratom, and Nato!

Gunther's profiles of Khrushchev, de Gaulle, Adenauer, Macmillan, of Berlin's Willy Brandt, of Adenauer-successor Erhard, or Macmillan-successor Ian Macleod, are all very adequate. With his passing observations—that the youth of Germany is mostly profoundly anti-Nazi; that the non-Communist left in Europe has lost much of its reformist fervor; that most of Europe today is dominated by the middle class—few would disagree.

Just about everything on the current European scene is within these covers: the revolt against "the Establishment" in Britain, the "ban the bomb" neutrality, the varying degrees of oppression within the Soviet satellites, the economic warfare of the Sixes and Sevens, and the intricacies of Italian politics.

The book does not deal sufficiently with the new "Atlantic" mechanisms being tried out now: the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, and the consortiums working on joint foreign aid programs for India and other lands. Here is a trend of tremendous promise, not merely bringing Britain into the Common Market (which seems inevitable) but moving the United States and Canada into more intimate trade, aid, and financial relationships with Western Europe.

Occasionally a rapid writer needs more research-in-depth. No government authority in Washington, for instance, believes the Chinese already have produced their first nuclear bomb or are just on the point of doing so, as Gunther suggests. And at times he surprises by disarmingly quoting, in a footnote, a newspaper dispatch as authority for some striking statement.

But John Gunther has written an engrossing account for all those who want to perceive postwar Europe in fast focus, country by country—the shining progress almost everywhere and the dark threat at the core.

Mirror of Power Struggles

"The Edge of Freedom," by John B. Oakes *(Harper. 129 pp. $3.50), reports on neutralism and new forces in Subsaharan Africa and Eastern Europe. Emil Lengyel of Fairleigh Dickinson University is the author of many books on these regions.*

By Emil Lengyel

AMERICAN foreign policy is a study in chiaroscuro. The "Establishment" in Washington usually sees the world arrayed in hostile camps: knights in white armor vs. the dark slave world. Particularly, this was the case in the Dulles era. As the author of this book writes: "Using the word 'neutrality' (but in the sense that we today use 'neutralism') Mr. Dulles as recently as June, 1956, could say that it 'has increasingly become an obsolete conception and, except under very exceptional circumstances, it is an immoral and shortsighted conception.'" Four years later, however, President Eisenhower set forth to an assembly of African delegates: "We do not urge—indeed we do not desire—that you should belong to one camp or the other."

The policy is still ambivalent and faltering, as Mr. Oakes points out, although the "New Frontier" has sought to introduce new shades. The dictatorships of Asia, South America, and the Iberian peninsula still form part of the "free world," as does Saudi Arabia with its active slave markets.

The editor-in-chief of the New York *Times*, John B. Oakes, covers three loosely related subjects in this book. He analyzes neutralism, and then writes about his observations in Subsaharan Africa and parts of Eastern Europe.

He holds that the neutralism of some countries is not only inevitable but also desirable from the point of view of American defense. What active role could the penurious nations of Africa and Asia play in our lineup except providing us with staging areas? The determination of these countries to remain neutral in the face of all the pressures helps to keep them out of the Soviet bloc. Oakes calls attention to the intense feeling Subsaharan countries have toward the detonation of French atomic bombs in the desert. Inclined to be overapprehensive about the devastating forces of nature, these people dread the atomic dust carried southward from the desert to the Gulf of Guinea by the

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NO YUM-YUM TREES HERE

Each of the two-word identifications below refers to a two-syllable word whose syllables are identical. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to name the words. Answers on page 34.

1. a skirt
2. a bullet
3. a dance
4. a relish
5. a confection
6. a fetish
7. a rustling
8. a disparagement
9. a gown
10. a gun
11. another gun
12. a fence
13. a fruit
14. another fruit
15. a toy
16. a drum
17. a whisper
18. a sire
19. Latin all
20. rather poor
21. potassium bitartrate
22. a fly
23. Indian dogcart
24. a bird
25. artistic cult
26. opera heroine
27. Lamb hero
28. secret society

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"*harmattan*," winter wind. The Russians play skilfully on these fears.

Each of the African countries Mr. Oakes has visited has its special problems. To the Belgian Congo, for instance, independence did not come as a friend. Its tempestuous arrival, the author implies, might have been part of the former masters' scheme to compel the Congolese to ask them to stay. The problem of the governing "cadres" in the new nations is also a disturbing one. In the former French Congo—with its capital in Brazzaville—a motley crew with strange backgrounds forms the first indigenous government. One of its members allegedly served a prison term for practicing slavery, another one is said to have grown to manhood as a cannibal, while the head of the government, presumably a former priest, "Abbé" Fulbert Youlou, is "as astute and tough a politician as ever came out of Tammany."

The tribal structure is still dominant in Africa, as it was in Europe in the distant past. It took centuries to move from tribalism to nationalism in Europe. Can Africa skip all the intermediate stages? Will tribal chiefs with their supposed divine attributes yield to popularly elected mortal officials?

Also, the boundaries of the Subsaharan nations, as Mr. Oakes points out, mirror the power struggles and mutual accommodations of colonial empires—not the affinities and interests of the tribes. The frontiers are artificial, synthetic. In order to overcome their stultifying influence, several new African nations entered into federative arrangements, like, for instance, Ghana and Guinea, Senegal and the former French Soudan, now known as Mali. These arrangements are little more than historic curiosities today: the leaders of these new nations want to sample the delicious nectar of power without dilution.

Turning to the Eastern bloc, Mr. Oakes focuses attention on the significant fact that it is no longer monolithic. Tito was, of course, the Luther of the whilom universal creed, and his reform movement set off the process of fragmenting a formerly international polity. While Poland still pays lip service to the Kremlin as the sanctuary of Communism, she follows her own historically conditioned trends in preference to Moscow's dogmas. China is moving at still another tangent, possibly into another orbit.

This is a stimulating book which throws light on some problems in the field of foreign policy. It does so in an urbane, understanding, and liberal vein. The reader who needs an informed guide in the maze of neutralism, Africa, and Eastern Europe will find one in the person of John B. Oakes.

Muse of Many Voices

By Robert D. Spector, *assistant professor of English literature, Long Island University in New York.*

REVIEWING the quarter's poetry is like standing on a busy corner, listening to voices talk by. Easily recognizable are those heard in "**Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy**" (Macmillan, $4.50)—presented by John Crowe Ransom as "a major [Victorian] poet with something like the modern temper"—as well as those of Robert Graves, Louis MacNeice, Robert Hillyer, and John Holmes.

A severe critic of his own work, Robert Graves continually rejects poems that no longer satisfy his esthetic standards, so that in "**Collected Poems**" (Doubleday, $5.95) he has added three sections to his 1955 collected volume without appreciably increasing the total. Time has done well by Graves, and his reputation has justifiably outlasted the movements that have attracted popular attention in his lifetime. His traditional techniques, masterfully manipulated, seem now to have placed him within the Great Tradition of English poetry.

Talent apart, the difference between Graves and a poet like Louis MacNeice may be judged from the fact that a contemporary critic like Paul Ginestier ("**The Poet and the Machine,**" translated by Martin B. Friedman, Chapel Hill, $5), who seeks to evaluate the influence of modern myths on modern poetry, refers repeatedly to MacNeice's work, ignoring completely the poems of Graves. Since his early flirtation with Marxism, MacNeice has always worked closely within the climate of poetic opinion. His "**Eighty-Five Poems**" (Oxford, $3.50), representing his attempt "to illustrate different phases and different kinds" of his work, is as much a chronicle of the development of contemporary poetry as it is a record of his individual achievement.

Listening to Robert Hillyer speak, especially in his lyric poems, one recognizes the man who has lived close to poetry, admired its virtues, and practiced its art. If he is never particularly inspiring, neither is he dull or embarrassing. It is the expression of a cultivated man, speaking with a cultured tongue.

Unfortunately, the unchronological organization of his "**Collected Poems**" (Knopf, $5) does not permit one to examine the development of his technique. But then, it hardly seems to matter, since the impression is that of the craftsman who has always been competent but rarely inspired. Even his fine narrative, "The Death of Captain Nemo," lacks the fire that seems the mark of genuine poetry, for which urbanity and precision are inappropriate substitutes.

John Holmes's unhurried voice moves familiarly through his characteristically long lines in "**The Fortune Teller**" (Harper, $3.50). If its pitch is only occasionally capable of striking phrases, it is ideally tuned to his shrewd Yankee observations about family, neighbors, and himself ("Old pipe-sucking, one-of-a-kind John, with that unseeing look/They think means I'm thinking"). At the same time, his naïvely personal directness in answering questions about immortality and free will somehow makes such subjects more profound. This simplicity also saves him from mawkishness in his reminiscences or his frank appraisals of domestic relationships and traditional ties. Moreover, it permits him to comment wryly on our most cherished sentimentalities about animals as well as people ("Let cats keep their place,/Lest equality be where acquaintance ends").

Even when they come under the peculiar circumstances of translations, the poetic voices of Robert Lowell and W. S. Merwin are familiar in their accents or identifiable by their

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subject matter. A severe critic of his verse translation of Racine's "**Phaedra**" —in one volume with Jacques Barzun's translation of "**Figaro's Marriage,**" by Beaumarchais (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy $5)—Lowell fusses about his "own heavy touch," squirms at the improprieties of his "sometimes un-Racinian humor and bombast," and accurately describes his run-on couplets as gaining "naturalness" at the expense of "compactness and epigrammatic resonance." Yet if the purpose of translating masterpieces is to convey a sense of their greatness and adapt them for a modern audience, Lowell needs no apologies. Racine's powerful tragedy, demonstrating man's contributions to the operation of a relentless Fate, emerges as impressive English drama. Whatever it lacks in classical grandeur, Lowell's translation compensates for with convincing dialogue, bearing a sense of majestic personages who are, at the same time, human beings. Theseus's lamentation—after his words have condemned his son Hippolytus to death—is as much the heartbreak of the father as the declamation of the monarch.

IN A brief, perceptive introduction to his translation of "**Some Spanish Ballads**" (Abelard-Schuman, $3.50) W. S. Merwin examines the complex relationship of these "romances" to Spanish literature and society. He analyzes the conventions and characteristics in the history of this complicated genre, establishing its differences from English and Scottish balladry. Only an expert could judge the accuracy of his translations, but anyone familiar with Merwin's own work will recognize the attraction that these romances had for the poet.

Whatever the strangeness in Peter Viereck's voice, it is of his own making as he attempts to bridge the octaves between genres. There is a disturbing madness in the method of "**The Tree Witch**" (Scribners, $3.50), which he calls "a poem or verse play." Intended to be read either way or both ways, his story of a Dryad "unpeeled" in modern times is more difficult to follow and less effective, despite or because of its verbal dexterity and range, than the original short narrative version that is included here as an appendix. The castigation of modernity in all its aspects—from its hygienic sterility to its gray-flanneled mentality—seems ultimately much ado about very little and hardly worth the effort of distinguishing between the "*verse* play" or "verse *play.*"

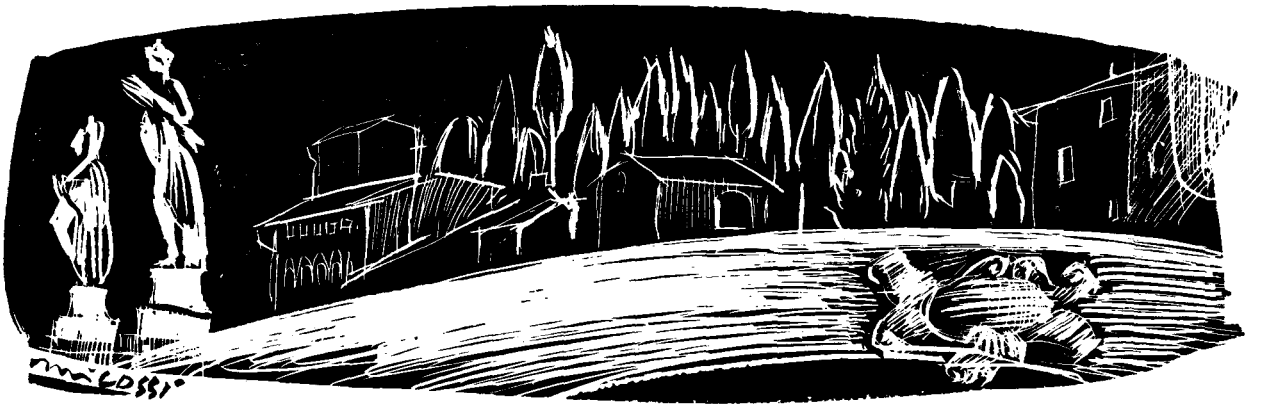
When they pass before us in groups, the poets' voices either recall earlier members of the same fraternity or impress us by the ways in which they may be distinguished from their present company. There is no mistaking the eminence of St.-John Perse even in the illustrious Bollingen Series. His "**Chronique**" (Bollingen-Pantheon, $3), presented in the French along with a sensitive translation by Robert Fitzgerald, has that special bardic quality which is closer to prophecy than to poetry. Even its form suggests a hymn, unlimited by the pedantries of verse and appropriate to his call for man to come to the moment of honor.

In the notable Yale Series of Younger Poets, Alan Dugan's "**Poems**" (Yale, $3) must ultimately rank high. His poetry is a special way of looking at things, whether he is making a shambles of military nonsense ("Old songs from the old/battles and burial-grounds seem new in new lands"), describing Hurricane Jackson's cauliflower ear ("one ear/listens to itself, clenched like a fist"), or allegorically denouncing French policy in Algeria ("When I died the devils tortured me with ice-picks and pliers/and all the other instruments they learned from men of faith").

HE IS almost too quotable to quote, for, once having begun, it is difficult to stop. Out of vulgar phrases or poetic euphemisms he fashions metaphysical wit ("In spring when the ego arose from the genitals/after a winter's refrigeration"); from contemporary chaos, he arranges orderly comment ("the rockets numbered like the Popes"). He measures distances between public and private life in a single image ("The wind came in for several thousand miles all night/and changed the close lie of your hair this morning"). Through personal experience of war he shapes universal messages, while he takes history, religion, and mythology and gives them an intimate meaning.

Never pompous, Dugan is able to parallel Burns's poem with a "Funeral Oration for a Mouse," without seeming to be either imitative or mawkish ("just once he ate/too slowly, dying in our trap/from necessary hunger and a broken back"). He can freshly attack the muse, never appearing to be pretentious ("So while I sit here fouling song,/wasting my substance on the air,/ the universe is elsewhere, out/the window in the sky"). Dugan's "ferocious comic sense," as Dudley Fitts says, displays a tough-minded, frank, and compassionate character.

OF THE four volumes in the Abelard Poets Series (Abelard-Schuman, $2 each), only Daryl Hine's "**The Devil's Picture Book**" seems genuine poetry. Brian Higgins's "**The Only Need**" is entertaining in its hardheaded attack on the Welfare State, military service, angry young men, and contemporary poetry ("Reading my contemporaries, except for one or two,/I am struck by their precision and bored with what they do"), but apart from an excellent plebeian imitation of Betjeman, his poems are prosy occasional verse. Although Michael Bullock's brooding tone ("Sunday Is a Day of Incest") suggests a more serious poetic purpose than Higgins's, his repetition of theme dulls the effectiveness of even his finest images ("The rain that streaks the wall/is tongued with rust"; "The lifted blade [of night], held in a trembling hand,/parts time's tenuous, slithering



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rope of sand"). Once he has sketched life's terror Bullock has little more to say. The same melancholy marks K.W. Gransden's **"Any Day."** Concerned with a sense of place, Gransden occasionally evokes a nostalgic, *carpe diem* awareness ("There's nothing summer loses that spring won't find/But older, and living under another name"), but effective lines are widely spaced, and jingling rhythms are a commonplace.

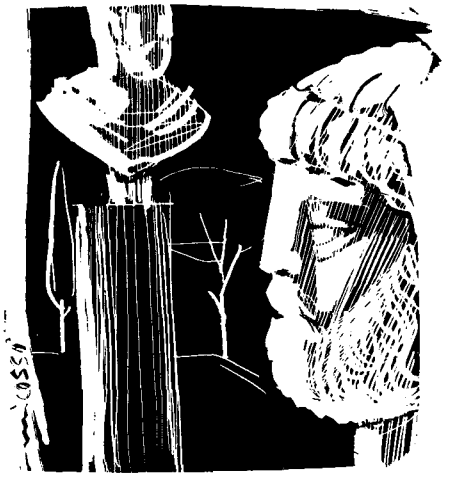
However, Daryl Hine, a young Canadian, makes the series worthwhile. His turning of rhyme exercises into meaningful poetic experience takes one all the way back to Christopher Smart. Half-rhyme, sight rhyme, and repetition of rhyme words all come under his control in a multiplicity of complex forms. Yet his constant dialogue about the dualities in existence, instead of being strait-jacketed, is intensified by restraint. Whether reshaping myth or constructing metaphysical conceits, Hine conveys the sense of human entrapment from which there is to be a bursting out on all sides. He is not that student whom he criticizes because "A leaf to her is just a leaf,/Not a sign that seasons turn." For him "The form of myth is like the life of dream,/Nothing occurs save with significance."

In another series (hardbound $3.50 each, paperback $1.65) Atheneum presents three poets with something to say, who say it well. As his translations from early Irish indicate, Thomas Kinsella continues the tradition of Yeats in **"Poems and Translations."** He is close to the Irish soil, loving and hating with equal passion, "Interpreting the old mistakes/And discords in a work of Art." His ballads, with genuine Celtic superstitious atmosphere, are best, but his portraits and landscapes also have an admirable authenticity. Like Kinsella, William Goodreau (**"The Many Islands"**) is most effective with such narratives as his re-creation of an eighteenth-century French Jesuit missionary's experiences in America, but Goodreau, too, has larger range. He successfully links narrative with lyric in "The Young Fisherman's Funeral on Monhegan" and "Legends of Grief." Writing of Haydn, he captures the musician's qualities in the verse ("He blows upon his fingers until his mind/is cold"), and his comment on Edna St.Vincent Millay hits the center of her work ("It cannot hurt your name to think you failed"). Searching for the mysteries of existence, he is sustained by reverence for "Our God [who] made nothing that is common." But neither Kinsella nor Goodreau can match the intellectual, cosmopolitan poetry of Arthur Freeman (**"Apollonian Poems"**). He contrasts the primitive and civilized

(*Continued on page* 34)

Heirs to Illustrious Hellenes

"The Complete Poems of Cavafy," *translated by Rae Dalven (Harcourt, Brace & World. 234 pp. $6.75),* ***"Poems," by George Seferis,*** *translated by Rex Warner (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 127 pp. $3.75), and* ***"Six Poets of Modern Greece,"*** *translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard (Knopf. 184 pp. $5), demonstrate the imperishable vigor and variety of the Greek imagination in its present dramatic renaissance. Kimon Friar, who has published translations of these writers, is now at work on his "Contemporary Greek Poets." In the following essay Mr. Friar has inserted accent marks to indicate the pronunciation of names.*



By Kimon Friar

DURING four centuries of subjugation under the Ottoman Empire, while other European nations were blossoming into renaissance, Greece had all she could do simply to keep her language and her spiritual identity alive. Nevertheless, she succeeded so well that today her language is the only one of consequence in the Western Hemisphere that shows an unbroken line of development from ancient to modern times, unlike the chasm that separates, for example, Latin from the Romance languages, or English from Anglo-Saxon. The simmerings of an undying cultural ferment erupted before and after the War of Independence (1821-29), and in her brief 130 years of relative freedom—interrupted by two world wars, several Balkan wars, and four years of Fascist occupation—her writers and artists have been feverishly reclaiming their heritage in a long-delayed rebirth, particularly in that form in which they have been inherently pre-eminent: poetry. Unknown still to the English-speaking world, her modern poets have been as good as any in the European firmament: Andréas Cálvos (1792-1867), Diónysios Solomós (1798-1857), Costís Palamás (1859-1943). Only Nikos Kazantzákis (1883-1957) has attained international fame.

In "The Complete Poems of Cavafy" ("Cavafis" is the correct, nominative form but, unfortunately, his translators have persisted in using the gentive form, "Cavafy") and in "Poems," by George Seféris, we are presented with two poets who take their rightful place in this illustrious line; and in "Six Poets of Modern Greece" (which, by containing selections from Constantine Cavafis and Seferis, may act as a fulcrum of comparison) we are further presented with the two remaining poets of eminence, Angelos Sikelianós (1884-1951) and Odysseus Elytis (1912-), and with two other fine poets, D. I. Antoníou and Nikos Gátsos. It was a wise decision of the translators to entitle their selection "Six Poets of Modern Greece," and thus indicate a prescribed choice, but unwise and untrue of them to state in their Preface that these six poets "do full justice to the complexity, richness, and depth" of modern Greek poetry. Though all are excellent poets, they do not by any means represent the bewildering variety of the Greek imaginative mind.

Of these poets, Cavafis and Seferis belong to the modern metaphysical and symbolist tradition as we know it in the United States through Eliot and Pound, though neither is as elliptical as Eliot nor as cryptogrammic as Pound. They are both subtle, dry, ironic, allusive but not elusive, restrained and never rhetorical, at times didactic. Both use metrical and metaphorical techniques with the slanted irregularity of muted modern cacophony. Both are concerned with disintegration: Cavafis treats of decadence in historical events and human

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character with sympathetic detachment, much as in the works of W. Somerset Maugham; but Seferis, in diplomatic service all his life, and at present the Royal Greek Ambassador to England, contrasts with anguish past glory with modern cultural and ethical erosion. To both, the sense of separation has been a wound: for Seferis as a wandering Odysseus in the service of his country, for Cavafis as a resident exile in Alexandria, an almost permanent stranger to a native land he scarcely knew.

Cavafis found his personal mythology not in classic times, but in the Hellenistic, Greco-Roman, and Byzantine periods, and often in the minor events and personalities of those times. If he chose some great event, it was to glance slantingly at some seemingly insignificant detail that deflates pomposity and reveals human vulnerability. His heroes at times show courage and character, but much more often expose a frailty, egotism, and opportunism that Cavafis depicts with sympathetic though ironic understanding. Many of his philosophical and historical poems must rank among the best of modern times, in any language. It would, I think, be correct to say that the oblique irregularity of his approach in subject matter and technique, his amorality, his fastidious preoccupation with minutiae, and his irony on the one hand and sentimentality on the other all sprang from his homosexual nature, which delighted in a revealing yet elaborate secretiveness, much like that in Proust, though Cavafis wrote with epigrammatic polish, and Proust with a labyrinthine impressionism. His erotic poems are not love poems, and are the only ones I know that depict the lusts, guilts, anxieties, and nostalgic satisfactions of "illicit" pleasures (and not "deviate" as Miss Dalven too psychopathologically translates), though only a few of them rank among his greatest work. In the ravaged face of his old age, the erosions of modern times left their implacable marks.

No other Greek poet reveals so fully or exposes so vulnerably the complex nerves that compose the modern Greek temperament as has George Seferis. Like his prototype, Odysseus, he has voyaged from land to land, though as a diplomat, in what may be accounted virtual exile, wearing the half-classic and half-modern masks of the many *dramatis personae* of his personal mythology, in the tradition of Eliot, Yeats, or St.-John Perse. Unlike the Odysseus of Kazantzakis, who surges out of pre-classical times into the modern man's search of a soul, the Odysseus of Seferis drags his

lacerated soul backwards into classical times and there contemplates its ruins amid past glories and present devastations: "I awoke with this marble head in my hands/which exhausts my elbows and I do not know where to set it down./It was falling into the dream as I was coming out of the dream/our lives joined and it will be very difficult to part them." (Keeley-Sherrard translation.)

It is such wandering Greeks as Odysseus or Cavafis or Kazantzakis or Seferis who are flooded with the greatest nostalgia for a native country which is one part history and one part imagination, and who seek to transform all personal experience within the perspective of a rich Greek tradition of almost thirty centuries. Seferis is most Greek when his cosmopolitan sensibility relates his experiences of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and his scholastic awareness of the Greek past to a longing for a Greece never realized. Much of his attempt has been to define what Greece *is* in all its mutability. "Wherever I may travel," he writes, "Greece wounds me still." His composite poem "Mythical Story" exemplifies the innumerable nerves that form such an intricate sensibility. Like Cavafis, Seferis is an exquisite craftsman, and the subtlety of his melodic and metaphorical metamorphoses, comparable to those of Eliot, have produced some of the best, most incisive, and diagnostic poems of our time.

Sikelianos is a poet in the grand tradition, a Yeats-like figure, a prophet and seer, a man of sweeping visions and noble actions, one who assimilated the cultural traditions of his own nation and those of the world, a revolutionary democrat and mystic who acted beyond the political creeds and religious faiths of the world by attempting to found an eclectic religion at Delphi. His vision was panhellenic and pantheistic; and his poetry, with its wide rhetorical sweep and rich command of language, encompassed the lyric and the philosophical poem and, of late years, the poetic drama.

Odysseus Elytis, a superb lyricist, marks the joyous return to nature, to summer and the sea, to the blaze of the Greek noonday sun over the Aegean, to the praise of adolescence and its sentiments. Of all the poets considered he manipulates language and imagery with greatest plasticity, revealing an earlier preoccupation with surrealism. In his last long poem "It Is Worthy" (not represented here) he shows a profound and mature ordering of esthetic sensibility. If his lyricism can bear the strain of the clear and encompassing visions of his maturity, Elytis should rank among the first poets of Greece.

Aside from one or two short poems, Nikos Gátsos is the author of one longish poem only, "Amorgos," written about twenty years ago, and of which Keeley-Sherrard unfortunately include only two small sections. A poem of great melancholy, which combines the images of surrealism, the rhythms of the Bible, and the manner of Greek folk ballads, it has had an influence on modern Greek poetry disproportionate to its size. Captain D. I. Antoniou writes poems of terseness and precision with a gnarled diction in an attempt to arrive at what he calls the "specific gravity" of expression, poems stark in their honesty and condensation, metaphysical in the true sense.

Except for thirty-three early poems which she has added to the text, Miss Dalven had at her disposal the Cavafis translations of Professor John Mavrogordátos, published in 1951, and has thus avoided the plethora of errors that made her former "Modern Greek Poetry" not only valueless but dreadfully misleading. In attempting to retain the elaborate rhyme schemes, Mavrogordatos at times succeeded in evoking a true Cavafian music, but his poetic techniques were not sufficiently adroit. On the whole, I prefer Miss Dalven's translations to his, though they are little more than adequate. The Keeley-Sherrard renditions come closer, by a skilful admixture of formal and informal English, to capturing that strange amalgam of demotic and literary Greek which is the distinguishing but almost untranslatable signature of Cavafis's poetry. I do not understand, however, why all four translators have rendered his poetry in free verse, for the heart of Cavafis's sinuous line lies in his iambics, and could have been reproduced by a poet with little difficulty.

Perhaps it is fortunate that Miss

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Dalven made no such attempt, for her notations on English and Greek metrics show an astonishing misunderstanding of both; she still makes errors, though no translator can hope to be free of them; she notes carefully that she has even copied Cavafis's occasional bad grammar, not seeming to understand that a sudden shift between past and present tense is native to the structure of Greek but not to that of English; she uses third-person pronouns with ambiguous reference, though their inflection in Greek makes reference clear; she misleads the reader grievously by writing that "in only three poems are the lines all of the same length" (there are at least five), because Cavafis is extremely adroit in combining unusual patterns of schematic ordering in a sophisticated relationship comparable to Eliot's use of line and stanza.

Rex Warner does not need my accolade as a translator, yet it is obvious that his understanding of Ancient Greek is superior to his knowledge of Modern Greek. Though his renditions are very fine indeed, they are nevertheless often awkward in rhythm and phrase-making, something which becomes evident on comparing his versions with the precise, finer, and more evocative translations of Keeley and Sherrard. At times Warner translates a phrase or word by *explaining* it. The Keeley-Sherrard translations of Elytis are superb, but those of Sikilianos lack the rotund orchestration and ornate diction of the original. However, on the whole, theirs is an excellent job.

Light, Truth, and Allegory

"The Ladder of Vision," by Irma Brandeis *(Doubleday. 212 pp. $3.95), is a study of Dante's "Divine Comedy," designed to show that it is an integrated whole. Archibald T. MacAllister is professor of Italian at Princeton University.*

By Archibald T. MacAllister

IRMA BRANDEIS'S volume provides welcome confirmation of the growing tendency of Dante criticism to relate close textual analysis to the poem as a whole. Although each of its six sections could stand satisfactorily as an independent essay (parts of Chapters II and V have already appeared in *The Hudson Review*), they all serve in varying degree to demonstrate her thesis that the "Divine Comedy" is a "whole poem, without any dissidence between structure and other elements." Miss Brandeis's demonstration is most effective where, with only a minimum of theoretical argument, she has Dante speak in his own words. Passages under consideration are quoted both in the original and in translation. Her commentary is unusually readable, never pretentious, dogmatic, or precious. A professor of literature at Bard College, she writes clearly, with conviction, and with an easy authority born of sound scholarship.

That she has something original and worth while to say is evident at once in the brief introductory chapter's illuminating remarks on Dante's allegory. It is thoroughly established in the following essays on Francesca, Farinata, and Pier della Vigna, where these seemingly exhausted episodes acquire new meaning, even for the professional. The second seems less successful than the other two, but the third, contrasting Cato's affirmative suicide with Pier's typical "denial and rejection," is outstanding.

"Purgatorio" is represented by two sections: "Four Images of Fraternal Love" and the first half of "Beatrice." The former shows the progression of the freed souls' understanding of truly fraternal love, from the still earth-tinged possessiveness of Casella and parochialism of Sordello, through the unselfish reverence of Statius for Virgil, to the self-effacing incorporeality of Guinizelli. The second, embracing Charles Singleton's analogy between Beatrice and Christ, stresses the importance of basing any interpretation of Beatrice on the fact of her mortal existence. In "Purgatorio" and even later, while serving as intermediary between Dante and Divine Intelligence, she retains her feminine personality—as Dante retains his love for her, but on an increasingly intellectual, rather than an emotional, basis.

Returning, in "Aspects of Minor Imagery," to the textual analysis in which she excels, Miss Brandeis shows Dante's progressive preference for metaphor over simile as his pilgrim moves upward. In addition to injecting new meaning into a number of familiar images, she gives a model close examination that would be profitable to all students of the "Comedy."

In her final essay, from which the collection takes its title, Miss Brandeis explores the role of light as the manifestation of Absolute Truth, and of vision as the measure of the soul's attitude toward and understanding of Truth. As she pursues this systematically and cogently through the three realms, she keeps constantly close, by reference or quotation, to the fabric of the poem. In this way she does minimal violence to Dante and to her volume's basic thesis.

Although accessible to the general reader, these studies should not be approached without some knowlege of the "Divine Comedy." As with the poem itself, the more one brings to the reading, the deeper will be the impression received.

VERBAL FRIEZE: Having survived many schools of poetry, going his own way, Conrad Aiken has become a phenomenon in our day, when there seems to be a psychic block against the personal, against "having something to say" other than in the form of "wit writing," and especially at some length. His poetry, consequently, does not lend itself easily to the meticulous watchmaker's technique of modern criticism. The philosophic interpretations of the Germans of some generations ago would have produced volumes about him, and in the end it would come to an analysis of psyche as well as of poetry.

Aiken's poetry is a verbal frieze, figures crossing it significantly, lengthily, movingly, in "this image or another, this quick choosing," from the frankly biographical "Senlin" in **"Collected Poems"** (Oxford, $4.75) through the comprehensive, segmented "Preludes," all of these twenty-nine poems astonishingly his own. As Senlin says, "I devise new patterns for laying stones/And build a stronger wall."

The poetry shifts in and out, telling,

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often exquisitely, what is seen and heard and felt:

It is noontime, Senlin says, and a street piano
Strikes sharply against the sunshine a harsh chord,
And the universe is suddenly agitated.

Because of his abundance, reading Aiken is like an exploration into the vast underground landscapes of the mind, the cosmos of the caves. Among the poems, "Preludes to Attitude" and "To Definition" present conveniently, on a variety of topics, the poet's reflections and observations, ". . . daylong watched, in the kaleidoscope."

Everything—water, fire, earth, air, objects, human beings, feelings—this "greatest of modern ironists" questions;

and, like Shakespeare, expresses his raging need to encompass them:

But these poor words, these squeaks of ours, in which
We strive to mimic, with strained throats and tongues,
The spawning and outrageous elements—

Let us keep rhetoric then since it results in such a post-Freudian Dante-esque journey:

Search the dark kingdom. It is to self you come,—
And that is God. It is the seed of seeds:
Seed for disastrous and immortal worlds.
It is the answer that no question asked.

This verbal power and perception is far from infrequent in Aiken's poems; one could quote endlessly, but it is organic, a part of the whole poem, as all his poems are in turn part of the man. This is the history of the art, the beginning and the end of poetry; from a youth in the awkward half-coherence of first poems written in flat statements about his feelings, to the mature poet who has devised a technique inseparable from his emotional purposes. Aiken's vision catches a music and a mastery that it is a treason to quote, to dissect, to separate from total context, for it is an organic whole, the form and the fact of the poet-twin grown up inside the man.

—Byron Vazakas.

The Contraption

By May Swenson

GOING up is pleasant. It tips your chin,
and you feel tall and free
as if in control of, and standing in
a chariot, hands feeling the frisky

reins. But, doubled in your seat,
knuckled to the fun-car's handrails,
you mount baby-buggied, cleat by cleat,
to that humped apogee your entrails

aren't ready for. Wind in your
ears, clouds in your eyes, it's easy
to define the prophetic jelly at your core
as joy. The landscape of amusement goes queasy

only when the gilded buckboard juts straight out
over undippered air. A jaw of horror will split
you? Not yet. The route
becomes a roaring trough for the next hill

hairpinning higher. You wish you had
the chance to count how many ups,
downs and switchbacks the mad
rattler, rearing its steel hoops, has. The divan hiccups

over a straightaway now, at mild speed.
Then you look: Jolly carousel and ferris wheel, far
years beneath, are cruel gears you can be emptied
into over the side of the hellish sled. Star-

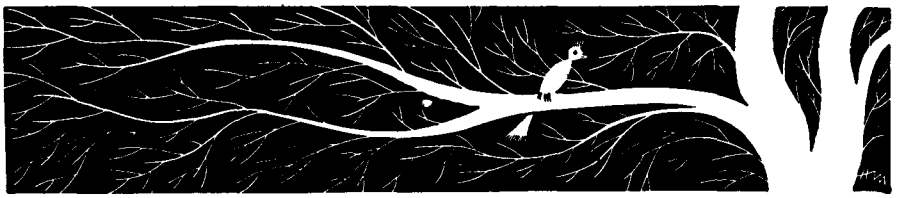
beaded sky! (It feels better to look higher.) How
did the morning, the whole blue-and-white day
go by in what seems one swoop? You vow
to examine the contraption and its fairway,

measure the system of gruesome twists,
the queer dimensions, if ever you get down. Going
down is a dull road. Your fists
loosen, pretend no longer, knowing

they grip no stick of purpose. The final chutes are
unspectacular, slower repetitious of past
exctiements. A used and vulgar car
shovels you home in a puzzling gloom. The vast

agitation faded in your bowels, you think
that from the ground you'll trace the rim
your coaster sped and crawled, the sink
and rise, the reason for its shape. Grim

darkness now. The ride
is complete. You are positioned for discovery, but,
your senses gone, you can't see the upper arching works. Wide
silence. Midnight. The carnival is shut.



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A Song for Nobody

By Thomas Merton

A YELLOW flower
(Light and spirit)
Sings by itself
For nobody.

A golden spirit
(Light and emptiness)
Sings without a word
By itself.

Let no one touch this gentle sun
In whose dark eye
Some One is awake.

(No light, no gold, no name, no color
And no thought:
O, wide awake!)

A golden heaven
Sings by itself
A song to nobody.

Instructions for Acting: Sugar Daddy

By Judson Jerome

NO ACTOR having worked as hard as you can take
the ample, easy view, the fat, hexameter gait,
without some strain. Suppose that you accepted whole
your secret, guilty ethics: that you really *knew*
the rich are happier than you, that, after all,
the world is what it seems, you get exactly what
you get, that bad nerves curse all men with waking dreams.
Shocking? Of course. We losers suppress with howls
the dirty sugar daddy retiring in our bowels.

But let him walk for once this stage. Come, squeeze
the narrow hips of Sally, here, and spill your mouth
upon her rigorous lips. She slaps you! Good! Now, grin,
for you know what she never will: a slap can please—
that half the fun is being hated, buying your
way in. You are not kissing her to gladden *her.*

No orchestra is worth your high fidelity
in this, your prosperous hour, this new world on your terms,
where guilt has gone the way of poverty and germs.
There is not day nor night enough for your pageant, crowned
with phallic fins and chrome—the works—and wired for sound,
four shots of gin for geniality. You saw
the way the world was going, padded fang and claw,
and won by simply spending, losing track of the score.
You bought out life, gilt-edged, and now would buy more, more!

So act that part—which means, accept the given world
with no remorseful nonsense about what might have been.
The ruddy lights will cover your blush. Go in as though
you owned the place.
And Sally, pretend that you don't know.

Song

By Edwin Honig

MY LOVE is asleep.
Whips of the grass
will not harm her.
Stones in the creek
will not bother to roll.
Hours will pass
and she will not hear
the crickets that crisp
their legs in the air.

But why does my heart
go suddenly cold?
Does she see how the crows
crowd into the sun?
Does she see how the shadows
thicken the trees?
I must waken my love
before she grows old
and heavy as stone.

Epitaph

By John Ciardi

HERE, time concurring (and it goes),
Lies Ciardi. If no kingdom come
A kingdom was. Such as it was,
This one, beside it, is a slum.

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A Spring Night

By Robert Beloof

HIS SON meant something that he couldn't name.
He had his picture in his wallet,
but never remembered taking out the wallet
for anything but cash, or an address, or a name.

He could have hated him, but didn't,
even though the boy reminded him
how stuck he was because of him.
He could have loved him, too, but didn't.

When Mr. Cuff came home at night
there was reading, or sitting on the stoop till dark,
watching the dead-end street he lived on fade to dark,
so they didn't talk together much at night.

Sitting as usual this April evening
watching an impassively dying sun,
he became aware that hesitantly his son
was coming to him out of the evening.

They sat awhile together, then quietly
the boy asked him, "Do you really like boys?
I'd just like to know that, if you really like boys."
Mr. Cuff was stunned. The sun set quietly.

Communication was a rusted hinge to Cuff.
He sought someway convincingly to say
"There's just the word I've wanted long to say
but couldn't say." "Like is the word," thought Cuff.

"I'm damned," said Mr. Cuff under his breath.
Finally the boy shuffled off. Cuff went to bed.
"What's that you're mumbling over there in bed?"
Asked Mrs. Cuff in the dark. Cuff lay still as death.

To Look at Any Thing

By John Moffitt

TO LOOK at any thing,
If you would know that thing,
You must look at it long:
To look at this green and say
'I have seen spring in these
Woods,' will not do– you must
Be the thing you see:
You must be the dark snakes of
Stems and ferny plumes of leaves,
You must enter in
To the small silences between
The leaves,
You must take your time
And touch the very peace
They issue from.

Letter from the Country, Where I Live

By Jascha Kessler

BUT THIS year June came on bucolic.
We wore shorts, went tanned and barefoot.
Bright, hot, clear, dry; green, fresh, sweet, thick.
Apple, pear, lilac, rose, chestnut;
Dandelions, primrose, peonies!
We breathed, stretched, breathed: ah we were free!

But there were more bugs, and worse, too.
Houseflies and bluebottles swarmed and lit.
Adirondack blackflies came through;
venomous deerflies, how they bit!
Big, lazy, thirsty mosquitoes,
so quiet they could sting your nose.

But we felt, after months of snow
and that total absence of birds,
this June was our reward somehow.

So we got wrens and hummingbirds,
orioles, cardinals, phoebes
on our porch, sills, gutters and eaves.

But now silence, and no children.
Just last week a halfgrown fox, mad,
bit the art collector's widow's man,
and slipped back to her dim, dry wood;
slipped out, bit our recluse, Priest,
in his patch, at dusk: poor sick beast.

And so, a week of rain and cold.
No flowers, no birds, except crows,
no dogs barking at this gray world.
Where the vixen went, no one knows.
Troopers scour gully and pasture.
We stay in, quite out of nature.

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FICTION

Protest in the Philippines

"The Lost Eden: Noli Me Tangere," by José Rizal, *translated by León Ma. Guerrero (Indiana University Press. 407 pp. $4.95), a classic of the Philippines under Spanish rule, expresses its author's belief in reform rather than in the violent revolt that his own martyrdom ironically touched off. Leonard Casper of Boston College is editor of "Modern Philippine Short Stories."*

By Leonard Casper

DURING the Philippines' centennial celebration this year of José Rizal's birth, crowds in Manila parks and rural plazas will be asked by orators: how can Rizal's epoch-making political novels ever be excelled? For the fact is that the Spanish firing squad which ended his life, in 1896, insured the ultimate acquisition by Filipinos of a free press and democratic procedures capable of correcting society more directly than Rizal ever could.

Rizal's first novel, "Noli Me Tangere" (suggestively entitled "The Lost Eden" in this translation) could not be published in his homeland because its tale of civil and clerical abuses was far from imaginary. At twenty-one he left for Spain, ostensibly to complete medical studies, but also to awaken Peninsular liberals to colonial excesses. He was a "reformist," not a "separatist." Ibarra in "The Lost Eden" refuses to join in armed rebellion even when authorities dishonor his "heretical" father's corpse and excommunicate the son. When Elias, the outlaw, reminds him of rampant social evils, he still counsels gradualism through education. Only after Ibarra is exiled on false charges of masterminding revolt, and consequently loses his long-betrothed María Clara, does he swears vengeance. But by then, he has converted Elias to peaceful ways!

Despite historic implications, "The Lost Eden" is not a manifesto, but a full-blooded, realistic novel as readable today as ever, wherever second-class citizens struggle to know the right way to rise. Less attention is given political ideologies than descriptions of Manila and the provinces, as well as whole cross sections of townspeople, individually characterized: María's father and his doll-like household gods; the wife of the civil guard lieutenant, capable of drowning a man by degrees; comically illiterate Doña Victorina, who wins arguments with her husband by seizing his dentures. Filipino *indios* emerge as Rizal intended, with all the human complexity ordinarily invisible to their Spanish rulers. Even the supervirginal qualities of María Clara are credible if she is accepted not as an allegorical idealization, but as a simple girl, convent-bred, who in persistent Philippine tradition places her father's reputation before her own love.

Too much has been made of Rizal's youthful admiration for Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo." Whatever may resemble gothic melodrama in this quick-paced novel of satiric-pathetic adventures owes far less to imported literary formula than to recorded Philippine history. In fact, life sometimes imitated Rizal's fiction. When hostility drove Rizal abroad again, his fiancée, Leonor Rivera, was married to an Englishman at the command of her parents, almost in parody of the María Clara episode. In Belgium, in 1891, he published "El Filibusterismo" ("Agitation"), whose central character, Simoun, is generally conceded to be vengeful Ibarra, disguised. Simoun is not heroic but troublesome, at all levels of society using money to "hurry up" evil. Dying, after an abortive attack on Manila, he is told that evil cannot redeem evil, but only "goodness, sacrifice, and love" can. Despite such continued caution, when Rizal returned to the Philippines he was deported, like Ibarra himself.

On the distant southern frontier he lived a model life for four years. Always compassionate, still he felt revolt premature and refused to join those kindled by his accounts. Nevertheless, when the rebellion of 1896 seemed to follow the pattern of Simoun's in the "Fili"—and similarly failed—Rizal was returned to Manila, summarily tried, and executed for treason. Ironically, his martyrdom incited a full-scale revolution, which later broke Spanish resistance even while Dewey awaited troops in Manila Bay.

"The Lost Eden" (whose new title derives from the patriotic poem "My Last Farewell," written by Rizal awaiting execution) is the first translation of Rizal's novel in the U.S. for nearly sixty years. That is an event in itself. But even more eventful is the vitality of Guerrero's translation, which armors the old authenticity within a contemporary presence. Now for the first time action, humor, the passions are audible again, as they must have been for Rizal.

William Dean Howells once called the "Noli" the greatest novel in any language in 100 years. Although Filipino claims are more modest, the book is required reading in every college. If contemporary authors are discouraged from imitating Rizal's type of panoramic novel, the monumentality of his success is to blame as much as the difficulty always inherent in adding historic and social dimensions to the private imagination. No one denies that the Philippines has its grievances—its commercially aggressive Chinese communities, its misunderstandings with American Pharisees, its anxious resettlement of the Huks, its Moro uprisings—but it becomes simpler to pass the job of protest on to journalists from the abundant free press. Besides, newspapers have what writers lack: a relatively captive audience and a definite commitment to one of the several major languages competing in the archipelago. Writers envy Rizal, who, fluent in twenty-two languages, chose Spanish because he knew exactly what readers he wanted to reach. (However, like many Filipinos, Rizal had to subsidize his own publication.) Faced with such circumstances, often the writer settles for a more intimate subject matter and a limited readership.

He remembers also that of all the 1930s' proletarian stories, perhaps only Arguilla's compassionate, not propagandistic, tales of the Sakdal Socialists

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ever entered permanent literature. Similiarly, the novels of Japanese occupation—Laya's "This Barangay," Javellana's "Without Seeing the Dawn" (its title taken from the "Noli"), and Tiempo's "Watch in the Night"—all are flawed, with unassimilated speech-making and sometimes implausible characterizations.

As if to reassure themselves of some inner resource before re-entering the larger world (or as if responding to the startling responsibilities of a people at last liberated), the outstanding writers in English today practice a new *delicadeza*. Theirs is an attentive, subtle restraint comparable in precision with the Anglo-Saxon manner but free of its bluntness. This is nowhere more discernible than in Bienvenido Santos's "You Lovely People," unsentimental stories of expatriated Filipinos—the American "Pinoys"; or N. V. M. Gonzalez's "The Season of Grace," which is concerned less with class struggle than with the ritual of long-suffering pioneers restoring a reluctant jungle to its garden state. Nick Joaquin, a translator of Rizal, is constantly tempted to feel indiscriminate nostalgia for Spanish custom and stability. Yet indirection and inner ironies, and not simple chroniclings, are the mark of his best work, "The Woman Who Had Two Navels" and his play, "Portrait of the Artist as Filipino."

At the same time, such writers seem aware that introspection's minute observations can become—as in the case of José García Villa's poetry—over-withdrawn, private, or repetitive. Consequently, Cantos has allowed a national image—the Filipino Dream—to emerge from his personal experiences; and has been turning to intercontinental novels. Gonzalez's latest novel, "The Bamboo Dancers," also resorts to international scenes to measure the distance between men epitomized in the post-Hiroshima radiation within mankind's genes. Such writers present a view of nationalism no longer naïve, a world-wide commitment parallel with the Philippines' role in the U.N. and SEATO. In poetry their counterpart is Alex Hufana, who, since the dramatic monologues of "Sickle Season," has expanded his effort to make epic equivalents of tribal verse still chanted in the mountains.

If this movement succeeds in adding the delicacy of understated, exact self-knowledge to the reconsideration of man in his broadest obligations and inheritance, the scope of even Rizal's fiction may someday be excelled. For a poise will have been secured between the infinitesimal and the infinite.

Bucharest's Blighters and Bugs

"The Great Fortune," by Olivia Manning *(Doubleday. 296 pp. $3.95) an autobiographical novel, describes the reactions and dissatisfactions of a young Englishwoman living in Bucharest at the beginning of the Second World War. Joan Bostwick is a free-lance writer.*

By Joan Bostwick

THE GREAT fortune Olivia Manning refers to in the title of her new novel is life itself. But that veneration for life is not always visible in the thoughts and actions of Harriet Pringle, the main character, who conducts a somewhat joyless tour of an international rogues' gallery in Bucharest from 1939 to 1940 before Rumania decided to throw in her lot with the Axis. The novel is the first in an autobiographical trilogy based on Miss Manning's wartime experiences.

The book jacket states that "we see the tenderness and tensions of the opening phase" of Harriet's marriage to Guy Pringle, an English lecturer at the University in Bucharest. But it appears to be more like the middle phase of a passionless marriage where the individuals are resigned to the hands they have dealt themselves. The heroine, apparently, is a lady in the parlor *and*

Olivia Manning—an "ability to observe life sharply, if dourly."

in the bedroom, for there is none of the excitement of love and not even a hint of physical awareness. Not that we need a profusion of bedding-down scenes, but the merest suggestion that the newlyweds had some red blood might have aroused an emotion other than indifference on the part of this reader.

Perhaps, in presenting a memorial to those years of uncertainty that preceded war in the Balkans, Miss Manning, utilizing typical British reserve, became too objective, too proper to be interesting. She holds the fabric of her novel up to the light and points out only the holes and the flaws: Rumania is too cold in the winter, too hot in the summer, too wet in the spring and bug-ridden besides; the peasants are foul-smelling, indolent brutes; the upper and middle classes are fat, clannish, immoral opportunists; the Jewish businessmen are dishonest political fence-sitters; the title-fat, wallet-thin representatives of dispossessed royalty are unprincipled malingerers; the English newsmen are lecherous alcoholics; the diplomatic corps members are jaded pseudo-sophisticates; the English teachers are insecure malcontents, displaying slight homosexual tendencies. Even Guy Pringle is shown to be an overly generous fool, and Harriet herself an unfriendly, petulant outsider.

When she does say something benevolent, her alter ego seems to say, "On the other hand . . . ," and she thereby negates any sympathy that the reader might have experienced.

As an atmosphere story, with more mood than action, the novel can hold its own because of Miss Manning's ability to observe life sharply, if dourly, and portray the tragicomical oddities that are people in her chosen setting. The plight of the peasants, for example, is described with wisdom, showing the indignities and brutalities they have endured for 1600 years. Yet, not one character—not even one of the "liberal" teachers—reacts strongly to the influence of that atmosphere.

So, despite her obvious skill at observing, Miss Manning has presented a pallid piece, because she has failed to manipulate her *personae* to some real dramatic struggle in a crucial situation.

If indeed the book is a fictional memoir, Miss Manning still must be in quest of the great fortune that is life.

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Realism a la Maupassant

"The Proverb and Other Stories," by Marcel Aymé, *translated by Norman Denny (Atheneum. 287 pp. $4.50), punctures intellectual pomposity, middle-class selfishness, and the savagery under stress. Henri Peyre is on the faculty of Yale University's Department of French.*

By Henri Peyre

A GREAT deal of contemporary French literature appears to some of us to be a little Germanic in its ambitious ponderousness, or austerely puritanical and Jacobin in its missionary zeal to instill anguish into men and to send them to bed every night meditating about the human condition and God's absence from our existentialist world. It is indeed difficult for a man of letters in continental Europe to keep away from politics and from metaphysics. A long tradition has convinced him that his role is to help change life and, as an intellectual, to do his readers' thinking for them.

Yet the French are human and occasionally subhuman, "mean, sensual" creatures in their humbler moments, as greedy as ever for the pleasures which cynical banter on life in general afford them. Ever since World War I, comedy and satire, even in the Montmartre "cabarets" and in the *Canard Enchaîné*, have been tinged with a strained bitterness. Céline, Anouilh occasionally, Ionesco, Félicien Marceau, and Marcel Aymé have been among the few upholders of the rights of Rabelaisian farce or of Swiftian satire in modern letters.

Marcel Aymé, the son of a blacksmith from the Jura, a compatriot of Courbet and of the political rebel Proudhon—indeed, also of Pasteur—brought to French literature an earthy sense of the life of the peasantry, a robust attachment to the concrete, a vigorous hatred of all escapisms, be they philosophical, esthetic, or political, and an admirably pungent gift of style. It is doubtful whether the success of his novels like "The Green Mare" and "The Second Face" will outlast his generation. They already seem strained and affected in their coarseness or in their fantasy. And Marcel Aymé, who is close to his sixtieth year, is hardly likely to acquire now the poetical touch that alone would have imposed upon disbelieving audiences his play about changing human creatures into birds. But he is today unequaled in France as a writer of racy and humorous short stories. A dozen of his best ones are collected and expertly translated in this volume.

Marcel Ayme—"earthy sense of the life of the peasantry."

"The Proverb" conjures up a severe French family over which a pompous father rules tyrannically and exalts his ego through scolding his son, who fails to score success at school. The poor boy feels his mind turn into a blank when he has to write a composition commenting on the proverb: "Nothing is gained by running; it is better to start in time." The irate but conceited father writes the essay for him, expecting that the grade will reward his mature thoughts and his flowery style. The boy, secretly ashamed of his father, has to conceal from him the teacher's scorn for his literary efforts.

"Knate" is the amusing, garrulous monologue of a salesman. "Josse" is the melancholy story of a noncommissioned officer just retired from the army. Unable to readapt himself to civilian life, he yearns for affection and comradeship and, failing to find them in the house where he lives with his cantankerous sister, murders her and thus escapes from freedom into the security of confinement. "Backwards" sketches the adventure of wealthy sons who, staunch conservatives, found a reactionary magazine "to work for the rights of the rich and for big business." Their millionaire fathers are aghast at such candid audacity; they soon teach their imprudent heirs how to go about praising the masses, the great revolutionary tradition, and social service—and enjoy their wealth with secure selfishness and a clear conscience.

"The Life-Ration" returns to a theme often treated by Aymé: the selfishness displayed during the years of occupation by the black marketeers and the wolfishness of men fighting men as soon as the veneer of civilization was scratched off by the hardness of the times. An imaginary life ration condemned some people to half-time existence if they were judged not to be socially useful. Some couples thus could spend their life-coupons avoiding each other and living their half-month with another sleeping partner. The protagonist in "The Bogus Policeman," who ekes out his income by posing as a police inspector and by blackmailing black marketeers, satisfies his conscience thereby; he soon decides to chastise by death those who had collaborated with the Germans or the professionals of love who had dealt with the enemy soldiers, and to pocket their illicit profits.

The butts of Marcel Aymé's satire are the savagery of human beings when their welfare is at stake, as was the case during the years of rationing and of starvation; the selfishness of the middle class and its lack of idealism and of charity; the pomposity of the intellectuals and of the politicians, who disguise their greed for power or for importance under fake and pretentious posturing; the injustice of much French, or human, justice. The author is a fierce conservative in politics, as many satirists have been, for it is always easier to mock the new in the name of the old. He is quick to detect corruption everywhere, especially among the Parisian middle class. And if he is less severe on the farmers, he does not idealize them as did Giono or Ramuz. These pungent, entertaining stories à la Maupassant leave an aftertaste of bitterness. There is far more idealistic optimism among the existentialists whom Marcel Aymé likes to deride. And the comic vein may be a thin one, after all, in prosperous and hard-working Europe.

MINORITY WORLD: The feminine vein in contemporary French writing has been growing richer in the last two decades. Geneviève Gennari writes under the double aegis of the two Si-

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mones of France; she shares the passionate disillusion of the late Simone Weil and subscribes to the practical aspects of existentialism as espoused by Simone de Beauvoir.

But unlike Nathalie Sarraute and other "new" writers, Miss Gennari adheres to the traditional storytelling techniques as she unfolds in **"The Other Woman I Am"** (McKay, $3.75) the plight of a forty-three-year-old Parisian widow of Corsican descent, member of the upper middle class and the possessor of an upper-middle-grade intelligence, struggling against sudden solitude with the weapons of friendship, infatuation, and work. Sylvestre is ultimately faced with a choice between renewal of the broken pattern of a life of ease by means of a convenient remarriage, or a venture in which, as a roving ambassadress in South America, she may be able to implement her theories about international understanding. Will she relinquish the prey for the shadows? Will she continue as an "anesthetized" European mandarin or seek through the freedom of the working woman a sense of moral purpose and social responsibility? The anguish with which she faces her dilemma turns what might have been a trite situation into a philosophical self-search. Sylvestre's thoughts and actions build up to a genuine climax as she decides to which of the two women in her she will commit her destiny.

If this is a "woman's novel," it portrays neither the elemental sex symbol, nor the intellectualized imitation-man of the feminist era. Miss Gennari's heroine is a thinking, troubled member of the "condemned last generation" of a "minority world." She is obsessed with concern for the 600 million Chinese who live on the brink of starvation; she gives vent to cruel criticism of defeated, unhappy Europe. She believes that love is not all of her life, nor the only basis of communication with man; yet the world and its problems could well be lost when an old flame is sparked by a chance encounter.

One might say that important issues are too rapidly passed over. But they are stated, often strikingly, as the author casts disquieting glances upon arresting though sketchy characters such as the existentialist spinster professor, flanked with her gigolo and her cat, "Néant" (Nothingness), the free-spirited Finnish Amazon, the heavily-made-up beauty who is a defrocked nun, and the little secretary who aspires to bourgeois status.

Although Miss Gennari's style has not come through Linda Asher's translation, her personality is a compelling one, which towers over the words.

—Anna Balakian.

IDEAS

A Double-Edged Logic

"The Quest for Being, and Other Studies in Naturalism and Humanism," by Sidney Hook *(St. Martin's Press. 243 pp. $6), spans a quarter-century of polemic and iconoclastic thought by a "skeptical God-seeker." Richard J. Bernstein is a professor of philosophy at Yale.*

By Richard J. Bernstein

SIDNEY HOOK is perhaps the most articulate, aggressive, and persistent defender of a secular pragmatic naturalism. There is a remarkable consistency in this collection of popular and semi-technical philosophic essays, which span the last twenty-five years. Indeed, during this period of intense philosophic activity Hook doesn't seem to have changed his mind on a single key philosophic issue. Over and over again he hammers away at his pet themes and hates. He defends the experimental scientific approach as the *only* feasible one for yielding knowledge and informing our moral decisions. Against Marxists and other reductionists he argues that philosophic ideas can and do influence social action. Against fatalists he argues that man is both causally determined and morally responsible. He scoffs at the pretensions of metaphysicians and theologians. The quest for Being turns out to be a quest for an illusion for "there is no such thing as 'Being.'"

In a negative way, this is a God-intoxicated book, and Hook calls himself a "skeptical God-seeker" rather than an atheist. There is hardly an essay in which Hook does not take a crack at the claims of religion and theology. He is forever seeking out new variations on old religious arguments to show up their speciousness and their inability to meet the objective tests of experiential confirmation. Many of his own arguments read like a series of footnotes to Hume's "Dialogues on Natural Religion." But he is not satisfied with pointing out the "fallaciousness" of the new arguments; he wants to explain the tidal wave for the revival of religion and theology. It simply represents a new failure of nerve, and Hook suggests that the intellectuals mainly concerned are literary and political—"individuals who are not professionally interested in ideas from the point of view of their validity."

Hook's heroes are Dewey and Feuerbach: Dewey for his enlightened humanistic naturalism, and Feuerbach for his supposed brilliant insight that the key to understanding religion lies in philosophic anthropology, *i.e.*, man in worshiping God only worships an idealized form of the fulfillment of a conscious or unconscious need. (The Dewey and Feuerbach represented here, however, are shaped in the image of Hook.) And the villains are Kierkegaard, Tillich, Barth, Maritain, Niebuhr as theologian, and Heidegger. All of these are representatives of the new failure of nerve—the abandonment of a vigorous scientific intelligence in the face of contemporary catastrophes for obscurantism and escapist "solutions."

Au fond, Hook is a polemicist. He seems to relish a good fight, and he is at his best when smashing what he takes to be false idols. Even his prose becomes more terse, brilliant, and biting when he is tracking down the enemy than when he is attempting to explicate his own positive ideas. We may be grateful to Hook for rooting out nonsense and pretension, but the other side of his razor-sharp insight is an intellectual opaqueness. One would get the impression from his treatment of Kierkegaard, Heidegger, *et al.* that they are not only mistaken, but that they never had a reasonable idea in their heads, and their positions are so blatantly absurd that it is difficult to see why anyone has even taken them seriously. So too when Hook talks of metaphysics, which he regards as little more than a caricature. There appears to be scant appreciation that these men have been trying to say something important about the complexity of human experience and knowledge. This does not mean that we must subscribe in a wholesale manner to the claims of these philosophers in order to appreciate their insights. Paraphrasing what Hook says in another context, the issues here are not simply "an affair of either-or, all or none." Even the failure-of-nerve argument, which Hooks relies on so heavily, cuts two ways. It can be argued that it is in times of crises that men will turn to a more subtle and profound analysis of the multifarious aspects of experience.

Hook's polemic not only works

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against assimilating the insights of his opponents, it works against a careful explication of his own professed naturalism. We are told that determinism is compatible with moral freedom and that a scientific approach is sufficient for justifying moral judgments, but if we ask precisely what these concepts mean and what are the criteria for good reasons in ethics, we will find only broad sketches rather than careful analyses. Much of what Professor Hook says about naturalism is vague and programmatic.

Modern philosophy since Descartes is strewn with discarded philosophies that have appealed to scientific method and experience for justification. Furthermore, the existentialist and the phenomenologist, as well as the naturalist, base their claims on a supposed appeal to experience. The tough issues center about the correct analysis of experience, scientific method, and knowledge. A thoroughgoing naturalism must treat with care, precision, and sustained inquiry the numerous problems that cluster about these subjects. Without slighting Hook's virtues, we can say that such an examination of naturalism is absent from these essays.

Frailties of Humankind

"The Art of Folly," by Paul Tabori *(Chilton. 233 pp. $4.50), twits some of the fashions, fads, and fancies with which man has been wont to kill his leisure hours. Stephen Potter is the well-known proponent of the arts of "Gamesmanship," "Lifemanship," and "One-upmanship."*

By Stephen Potter

MY INSTINCT would be *not* to read a book on this subject. The Frailties of Human Nature is a favorite theme of a certain kind of author—an old favorite, for it suggests a late medieval monk, an Augustinian perhaps, enthusiastically scratching onto parchment a late Middle English text in order to generalize about our "folys and lyk vilanys." "The satire," will say Professor Cogg in his Intro to the University Edition, "is savage."

Mr. Tabori, being an accomplished and intelligent journalist, is neither boringly general nor boringly savage. All the same, to place all his subjects under the title of "Folly" is an act of lumping together of a kind that causes my attention to wander. "Fads and crazes, hobbies and mass manias," says Mr. Tabori (as if they were all the same and all equally "foolish"), "are likely to increase as people have more time to kill."

There is plenty of interest in this book, but it is essentially a time killer. Perhaps the theme is more truly "eccentricities." Part is devoted to fashions, and includes pages of light learning on the origin of tights, pantaloons, and panties. Strong stuff, this. "Fashion is sex and sex is fashion" is one of the author's characteristically inappropriate remarks: but though that's not true either, it seems equally foolish to call fashion folly.

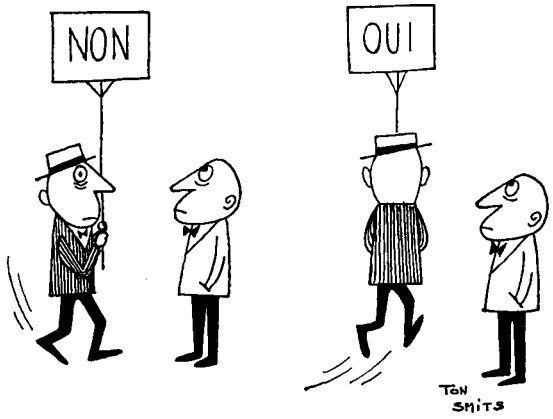
From time to time the book tends towards a description of Unusual Gifts —the gift of extempore verse-making, for instance. Amusing, certainly: but why should it be by nature any more a folly than Bach's extemporizations on the organ? Duelling is certainly one of the follies of mankind, but why lump it with suicide under Fad, drag Wertherism into the same bracket, and polish off the whole thing in twenty pages?

It's not a serious work, the author might say. Why not? I would answer. By insisting on skimming the cream off a subject, he satiates our interest. In "Mammon's Maniacs" (the author has a gift for punchy headings) far too little space is given to the South Sea Bubble, which we know about already, and to the early eighteenth-century Scotsman, Law (which we don't), a man who speculated in France on so vast a scale that he became legal as it were, and was made Inspector General of Finance, to the complete destruction of public credit.

Not that Mr. Tabori is dull. In the "Whims of Kings" I like the story of Sultan Abdul Hamid, who forced his advisers and ministers to follow him on foot in full uniform while he himself was drawn by four horses at the pace of a slow trot. One of the few eccentricities treated most fully and therefore most entertainingly concerns a passion for tall men. The royal father of Frederick the Great of Prussia was "practically illiterate, a bigot, a miser, a sadist and a sot." His pleasure was to collect two battalions of footguards over six foot high. Bribed, press-ganged, or kidnapped from their native countries, they were paid according to their inches, and, having cost the treasury upwards of £1,000 apiece, were considered too valuable for fighting.

Mr. Tabori doesn't pretend to knowledge which he hasn't got. He is respectful to the subject of semantics and philology, characteristically represented here by a few brief sketches of swear-word evolution. He is at his crest when he is on his own ground: and the biographer of Harry Price gives us one of the best brief accounts I have ever read of the scientific examination of the claims of spiritualists, and the delusions of such great men as Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle. In Los Angeles they still play tape-recordings of Doyle's voice as captured from the Beyond by a medium. Surprisingly, as Mr. Tabori describes, the great doctor's language is full of Americanisms delivered in the accent of the U.S. stage Englishman: "My deah friends, I know that you had great difficulties in *contacting* me. . . ."

A pleasant book for dipping: but not good social history. The icing, the cherry on top, is only truly satisfying in the solid context of the whole cake. Books like this make for lazy reading, and train us to idle through libraries in the mood of James Thompson when he walked in his orchard with his hands in his pockets, eating the sunny side off the peaches as they grew.



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Report on the Ladies

TWO YEARS ago, a group of thirty-eight Polish ladies completed a six months' visit to the United States. While here, they lived with American families in various cities and received medical, surgical, psychiatric, and dental treatment for injuries or illnesses incurred as concentration camp victims during the Second World War. They had one thing in common: a label. The label was Ravensbrueck Lapins, or human guinea pigs. As inmates at the Ravensbrueck Camp in Germany, they had been impressed into experimental surgery. Their legs had been cracked open; broken glass or dirty rags or other gangrenating materials had been inserted into the wounds. New sulfa drugs were then used in test efforts to check the raging infections.

Though their physical wounds had long since closed, the emotional ruptures were still open. Moreover, they had been excluded from West Germany's compensation program for concentration camp victims. West Germany, which regarded itself as the legal successor of the previous government, had no objection in principle to paying the Lapins. The difficulty, as Bonn saw it, was that the Polish ladies were citizens of a state with which West Germany had no official relations.

Both these problems—further medical care and the means of obtaining compensation from Germany—were brought to the attention of the same group of American citizens who had made it possible for the Hiroshima Maidens to come to the United States for plastic and reconstructive surgery, medical treatment, psycho-therapy, and vocational training. A visit to Warsaw established the authenticity of their needs. In attempting to meet these needs, the most difficult problem was to convince the Polish ladies that the offer of help was real and that they were not being tricked for a reason they couldn't comprehend. Indeed, not until the Pan American airliner put down in Warsaw to take them to the United States did some of them begin to accept the reality of the vast change that was to come into their lives.

The change didn't come about all at once. But after a while, they became caught up in a new tempo. When not in the hospital for medical treatment, they traveled or took special courses of study or resumed interests they had put aside many years earlier. They were given new wardrobes and hairdos; even more wondrous was the rediscovery of gaiety. When they completed their treatment and travels and prepared to return to Poland, there was a new emotional underpinning in most cases that was unmistakable.

One important piece of unfinished business remained at the time of their departure, however. Germany had not yet agreed to extend to the Ladies the same compensation that had been made available to concentration camp victims from other countries. The Ladies had appointed us their legal representative to negotiate with Germany; as citizens of the United States we did not come under Germany's ruling that it could not deal with individuals of an unrecognized country. We entered into direct discussions with German Embassy officials in Washington; they were most cordial and assured us that sympathetic consideration was being given to our request.

One interim gesture was made, however. At the time of the departure of the Lapins for Poland, West Germany sent a check for $27,000 to the American sponsoring group as a contribution toward the medical costs of the project. It was decided to put the money in escrow pending final determination of the appeal for full compensation to the Ladies. The American sponsoring group then retained special counsel to pursue the case for full compensation directly with the German government. Several trips were made to Bonn; persistent efforts were made to clear away all the obstacles, legal and otherwise, that might be involved.

Finally, a few weeks ago, came the good news that full compensation would be paid; that is, each of the Ladies would receive between 25,000 and 40,000 DM. This would be converted at a preferential exchange rate into 444,000 to 720,000 zlotys, which, at the official tourist rate would equal $18,750 to $30,000. The International Red Cross would handle the payments and help to determine the amount of compensation in each case. Over 100 other medical experiment victims behind the Iron Curtain would enjoy the same benefits.

Recently, we went to Warsaw to share the good news with the ladies and to consider remaining problems. The Ladies who met us at the train station were to our mind one of the most attractive and exciting groups of women we had seen anywhere in the world. They had prettied up for the occasion and were a laughing and waving company as they swept toward us on the train platform. We spent many hours together during the next few days. In most cases, the news about them was good, very good. Several had been able to obtain new housing accommodations and gloried in the privacy. One of them, an artist, had obtained important new commissions. Some of their husbands had found better jobs; one of them had only recently received a doctor's degree in law. There was some bad news. Two of the Ladies had not been too well. Some of them were looking for better jobs. On the whole, however, it was a far different group from the one I had first met almost three years ago.

There was profound satisfaction, of course, over the news that their battle of sixteen years for some recognition from Germany had been won. Not that any of them could ever be "compensated" for the years at Ravensbrueck or the torment of the operations and the

(*Continued on page* 40)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STARVATION DIET

I DON'T MIND having the Henry Miller buffs label "Tropic of Cancer" [*SR*, June 24] a good book, an entertaining book, even an unusual one—but there my enthusiasm stops.

After waiting all this time for this much-touted work, I feel like someone who had sat down to enjoy a steak dinner, only to have the table suddenly cleared in front of him. I do not consider "Tropic of Cancer" great or even near-great. I would say it is even inept and clumsily written in some sections.

I waited many years to read "Ulysses," too, but there I was rewarded with immediate, visible dramatic greatness. I understood it less but enjoyed it much more than "Tropic of Cancer." It was a work that challenged the reader and richly rewarded his efforts. I suspect that the intellectual age that idolized Miller is now long past; and I would advise his promoters to hurry up and publish his other works here in America before the gloss wears thin and we discover just one more literary freak under all the sounding trumpets.

BILL BENNETT.

Muskegon, Mich.

THE CONCEPTS OF wholesome pornography and decent obscenity in Ben Ray Redman's review of "Tropic of Cancer" suggest that their author has lingered too long in the Tropics.

DENIS N. HUSTON.

Olympia, Wash.

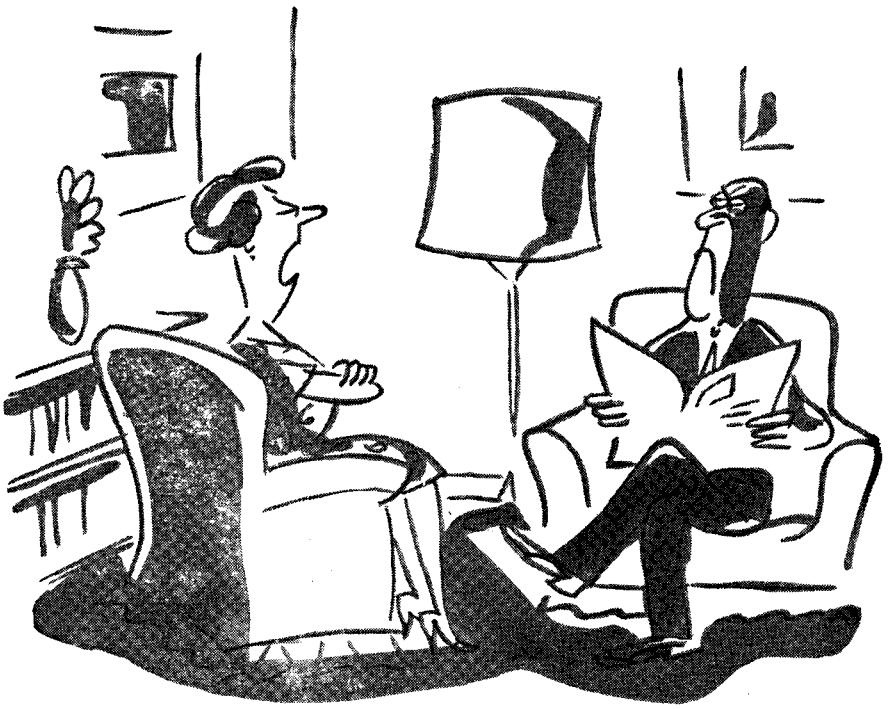
ANGRY SILENCE

IT IS TRUE that the cancellation of the television program "The Law and Mr. Jones" [*SR*, June 24] did not evoke such manifest passions as picketing against the American Broadcasting Company, or the printing of bumper strips to plead for the show's return. But the 45,000 viewers who have written us to date have for the most part indicated a passion that could have far more impact than the life or death of one TV show—for their anger proves there is a growing nausea against much of what is on television today.

The fact that the FCC has also been deluged by a similar record protest against the death of "Mr. Jones" is further proof that sound and fury are not the only manifestations of passion at work in a democracy. "Mr. Jones" is not important in the present turmoil over television. But the audience he attracted—and it consisted of almost 40 per cent of the viewers at that hour—has proven that it is passionate enough to care about what is being carried over their air. What they liked in "Mr. Jones" was the clash of ideas, as opposed to the network idea that murder, being noncontroversial, is safer programming. And though their disgust with the latter philosophy may take a little longer to be felt than the sight of pickets outside a network headquarters, or a picture of the Los Banos police force mourning the passing of a crime show, the two of us most responsible for "The Law and Mr. Jones" have an abiding faith that the deepest feelings of a democratic people do not always meet the eye or the ear, but that, somehow, they manage to make their passions felt more permanently in the longer run of history.

JAMES WHITMORE.
SY GOMBERG.

Los Angeles, Calif.



"Just for argument's sake, let's assume your point is ridiculous."

IS PROGRESS POSSIBLE?

IN HIS REVIEW of Philip Thody's book on Jean-Paul Sartre [*SR*, June 10], Alan Pryce-Jones joins the large group of readers who insist on classifying Sartre as a "pessimist" over the philosopher's vehement protests and denials.

Sartre has said that he thinks of himself as a "tough-minded optimist," and there is some justification for avoiding the pessimist label in referring to him. Some social analysts who are confident that the human condition can be fundamentally improved through human efforts are pessimistic with regard to what they envision as the probable destiny of mankind; others who subscribe to optimistic teleologies place little or no stock in the possibility of deliberately bringing about any genuine "progress."

While Sartre certainly is pessimistic in that he denies the individual a degree of freedom to choose the kind of choices he must face, and by implication in that he is a moral rather than social philosopher, there is an element of optimism in his conviction that the individual is free to attempt realization of the potential for progress in his own situation. I would suggest that it is misleading summarily to categorize him as a pessimist.

THOMAS F. POWELL,
Syracuse University.

Syracuse, N. Y.

RIGHTS AND WRITERS

THE RUSSIANS' persistence in bypassing copyright is typical of a regime that does not respect the Western ("bourgeois") rules of behavior. But did you know that the practice is widespread in Latin America?

Several years ago an American author told me that two of his books had been published in translation in Buenos Aires, without his or his publisher's authorization. Of course, no royalties were paid. The author consulted a lawyer, who advised him not to sue. Cases of that nature, said the attorney, are invariably ruled in favor of the South American publishers.

Recently, a feature service established in a South American capital has been supplying daily papers with a serialized Spanish version of "Spartacus." It appears under a different title and by-line. No credit is given. In style, vocabulary, and grammar, this translation suggests that it was made by a person whose formal education never reached the eighth grade.

JORGE SARMIENTO.

Tulsa, Okla.

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FASCINATING RHYTHMS IN SCULPTURE

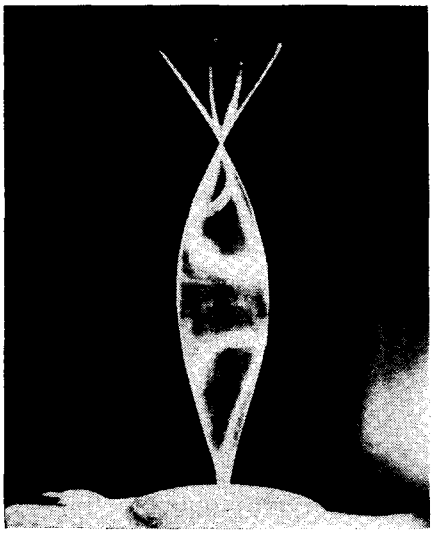
AS WE move deeper into the second half of the twentieth century, what recently looked like various haphazard art symptoms are slowly taking shape to suggest a direction for the future. While critics and artists still argue the relative merits of nonobjective and figurative art, while they make grave pronouncements about the existence or nonexistence of the so-called image, something new seems to be happening in America and Europe. The new direction (though I'm not sure it's entirely new) stems from diverse sources working separately to produce a strongly kinetic art, resulting chiefly from tangible motion and tangible time.

The fact that art today is often motorized makes sense in a mechanized world, but is only one aspect of the new kinetic realism that is emerging. And, for that matter, every radical movement of the last hundred years, regardless of how militantly abstract, claims to have extended the boundaries of realism. The constructivists maintain they explored the reality of structure and materials; the surrealists, the reality of their unconscious; the cubists and futurists, the reality of simultaneous vision in modern life; the expressionists, the reality of their inner feelings; the impressionists, the reality of atmospheric light. But now another "new realism" appears, resulting not from suggestion but from the use of actual time and actual motion. Nor is this an invention of the last few years. After all, Calder has long been preoccupied with the same idea, and very nearly half a century ago Gabo was already using motors to make both his paintings and constructions move.

Even the abstract expressionists are indirect forerunners with their ambiguous emphasis on the relation of time to scale—or why, indeed, would they insist on such vast canvases? Repeatedly they indicate that their compositions respect no boundaries, no beginnings, no ends, but are intended as continuous experiences. The exaggerated size of their paintings infers a time element, if only in the act of viewing, but it is possible that the partial failure of this idea has helped to accelerate the new kinetic movement which, fortunately, as yet knows neither label nor "ism." When I say failure I merely suggest that, regardless of size, a canvas is ultimately circumscribed by its own rectangular dimensions. And the very freedom the "action painters" sought in their drive to avoid conventional esthetic practices has ironically boomeranged. In recent years they have become the expensive darlings of the highest-priced dealers, of the most publicity-minded museums and private collectors, three groups that together can rapidly spell *finis* to experimentation and healthy anonymity. Unlike most of their nineteenth-century forerunners, the abstract expressionists, while still alive, find themselves engulfed by the officialdom they most deplore.

ONE suspects that such pitfalls will be more easily avoided by certain of the younger artists whose work is definitely not adapted to the setup (physical or social) of today's museums, commercial galleries, and private homes, or to the idea of preciosity. What these men are after no longer concerns single highly prized objects, but relates rather to galaxies of experiences evoked by real movement and real time.

Who are some of these artists and what are they doing? There is, first of all, Len Lye, who is experimenting with what he calls "tangible motion sculpture," an inexpensive medium staggering in its esthetic possibilities. With flexible metal rods animated by motors, he combines form, movement, light, sound, color, and time in an ever-changing experience. Occasionally relying on only one supple shaft, he produces a kinetic image of extraordinary versatility, intensified by eerie music resulting from the metal's own vibrations. Variously colored spotlights playing on polished rods, the latter oscillating at controlled speeds, turn a single image into kaleidoscopic visual worlds where motion and light mold flexibility into a new kind of form. Though movement is real, form is here no less an illusion than in its painted versions.



"Tangible Motion Sculpture" by Len Lye

Also challenging are the experiments of Milton Cohen, who, working at the University of Michigan, has concentrated on the unlimited possibilities of light. Granted the color organ came first; it nevertheless was always directly related to the concept of easel painting, acting almost as a substitute for the framed picture. With Cohen the idea of light is freer, encompassing a multiplicity of images so rich as to defy description. Projected by innumerable mirrors, these colored images race, slide, interlock, and weave back and forth, in and out around the walls and ceilings of a room. Again kaleidoscopic vision results, this time almost as if the dynamics of futurism had been successfully freed from frame and rectangle, only to face another limitation. For, unless these light discoveries can be adapted to more than single, self-conscious performances, they may become merely isolated productions, precisely what the machine was originally intended to avoid.

In Ann Arbor, also at the University of Michigan, Richard Jennings is at work on an "impeller fountain," which he hopes will transform water into sculptural mobiles. Calder had somewhat the same idea when he designed a fountain for the nearby General Motors Research Center. With a submersible motor directing an impeller at varying speeds, Jennings forces streams of water to assume plastic meaning, not unlike the experiments of Lye and Cohen with flexible metal and light.

Very different is the work of Robert Watts, who also depends on motors for his kinetic experiences. Much more closely identified with dadaism and surrealism, his moving constructions are part game, part ridicule, part deadly serious, and part sheer magic. With him

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visual appearance seems less important than psychological content. Constructions made of real objects—dolls, toys, familiar gadgets (slightly reminiscent of Joseph Cornell's "boxes")—move and intermove with frantic jerky gestures, never quite reaching their objectives, but coming so close that one thinks immediately of Kafka's inexorable frustrations. Watts hopes eventually to design constructions for natural settings, to be seen out of doors in relation to plants and trees. And what a welcome antidote to those static, pompous monuments we find so frequently in public parks!

The best known advocate of the new kinetic art is not its most profound practitioner. I speak of the Swiss artist Jean Tinguely, who, like Watts, seeks to create environmental constructions, but fails for me chiefly because he becomes too literal. Often he seems to animate the imaginative mechanistic paintings of Picabia's dada period, yet with such a heavy hand that the original mystery and mockery are lost in overstatement and overactivity.

NOT to be forgotten in this brief survey of clues to the future are the aptly named "happenings" happening these days in Greenwich Village. Here are events that approximate theatre in their use of time and movement. Though their methods are new, their content is often curiously archaic, turning images borrowed from the trappings of dada and surrealism into three-dimensional, living compositions. Artists like Kafrow, Oldenberg, and Gaudnek are important not because of their visual inventions, but because they have found fresh ways of involving us, of making us, the viewers, actively participate in their work, something the abstract expressionists also advocated but only rarely achieved. We not only see a "happening"; we can, in addition, walk through or on one, touch, feel, hear, and experience this event. We are confronted by it, but even more we are physically involved in it. What difference whether the work of art moves mechanically or whether we, on our initiative, move through it? In each case, motion involves more than merely suggested movement, as was usually true heretofore. With real motion comes the added boon of *real time*, which forces us to stay with a work of art at least long enough to insure the beginning of acquaintanceship. If the danger of the split-second evaluation is thus obviated, another danger looms: that of mistaking reality for art. Since art is not life, nor an imitation of life, but a re-creation of it, then the "real" has meaning only when sublimated to this end.

—KATHARINE KUH.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Funny and Sad

I WAS told recently of a chap who teamed up with a friend, an electronics engineer, who had access to a computer, and has been making a good living at the local trotting track. Into the machine are fed such esoteric data as the age of the horse, age of the driver, post positions, track condition, date of the year, and even the time of night when the race will be run. The computer, so this story goes, does better by far than the professional handicappers. I had thought of feeding this information to a screenwriter friend in Hollywood, when I was invited to see **"The Honeymoon Machine,"** an MGM comedy based on a Broadway play, "The Golden Fleecing," and realized that Hollywood was already well aware of the electronics revolution and its possible effects on gambling.

In the picture some young naval officers, impressed with the work of the latest thing in computers aboard their ship, decide to test it on the roulette wheel at a Venice casino, and, sure enough, it detects a pattern caused by the most minute flaw in workmanship. The only trouble with their scheme is that it does not take into account the possibility of their own human error, and the comedy arises when the admiral of the fleet, sensing that something fishy is going on, rouses his staff to what he assumes to be a plot on the part of a foreign power to take over Italy. In its nonsensical way, "The Honeymoon Machine" often manages to be spirited and funny, and it is particularly helped by some young players, with pleasant personalities, who have recently arrived on the screen.

I refer to 1) Paula Prentiss, a lanky, good-looking girl with a remarkable sense of timing, 2) Jim Hutton, an equally lanky young man who is accomplished enough not to suggest that he knows he is being funny, and 3) Jack Mullaney, a young fellow with a style that would appear to be a threat to Jack Lemmon. Not so happily cast, but certainly professional enough, is Steve McQueen, who usually appears on TV Westerns, and sells cigarettes. And totally incapable of anything but looking pretty is a very young girl, not much older than Lolita, called Brigid Bazlen, who plays the daughter to Dean Jagger's straight-man admiral. If the gears don't always mesh completely under Richard Thorpe's direction, the picture has enough freshly comic moments to make it well worth while as summer viewing.

While Hollywood shows signs of returning to the comedy it was once expert at, the film industry of that other great world power, the USSR, continues in its sober, serious vein, as shown by the recently imported **"Fate of a Man,"** based on a story by Mikhail Sholokov. Whatever one's feelings about its country of origin, the movie is altogether touching, even though infused with a paternalistic attitude that somehow patronizes the sufferings of "a small man" who was part of the flotsam of war. Much as in Chekhov, a man relates his story to a chance acquaintance. Seemingly unimportant, the reiteration of privation and tragedy slowly creates interest, then sympathy, and eventually quite powerful emotion in the viewer.

WHILE the war and its immense horrors are by no means new in films, the sufferings of Sokoluv, a farmer turned wartime truck driver, become terribly real and intimate. He is taken prisoner, is transported to labor and concentration camps, undergoes trial by sadism and near-starvation, escapes once, is brought back, escapes again, only to find that his family has meanwhile been wiped out by a German bomb. The concentration camp scenes are overwhelming, and the direction is always fluid and knowing when it comes to the selection of angle and viewpoint from which to present a scene.

Sokolov is played by a splendid actor, Sergei Bondarchuk, who is unusual, so far as the Russian cinema is concerned, in that he possesses a sense of understatement. He was also, remarkably enough, the director and producer of the film. What might have been unbearable tear-jerking, when, toward the close of the picture, he adopts a homeless waif, is rescued by believable and compassionate playing both on his part and that of a small boy, Pavlik Boriskin. "Fate of a Man" is one of the finest and most effective of the pictures sent us under the recent film exchange program worked out between the United States and the Soviet Union. The United Artists organization has taken on its distribution here.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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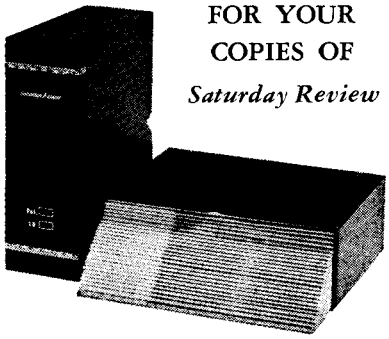

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Battle of the Bard

JOSEPH PAPP is best known for his resoluteness and persistence in organizing and maintaining a public theatre that has made lively Shakespeare productions as free to theatregoers as books are to public library users. His battle has left him little time or money for indulging in the pretensions of high art, but in the constant effort to make something worth while out of the presentations of the New York Shakespeare Festival, he has acquired skills in staging that are often lacking in some of our best "acting-coach" sort of directors.

His new production of "**Much Ado About Nothing,**" given in the Wollman Rink theatre, which serves the Festival Company until their new Belvedere Lake Amphitheatre is completed, is a visual delight. Because the play concerns some Spanish soldiers passing through Sicily, costume designer Theoni V. Aldredge has permitted herself to be inspired by Goya, and composer David Amram has composed Spanish heel-clicking music. And Mr. Papp has seen to it that the whole business dances in shafts of comic moonlight. He sets the tone brilliantly at the very beginning when four soldiers enter, see the girls, and break rank absurdly as their captain tries to keep order. Thus it is suggested that this is to be a comedy about love in which the participants are helplessly smitten but which we the spectators can view as the absurd spectacle it really is.

However, we have to bide our time a good forty minutes while Mr. Papp's company bathes us in the style of the period, the manners of the court, and one charming but prolonged dance number. Then, just as we are about to dismiss the production as much ado about nothing, the show springs into more genuine activity. The actors stop playing each line as if it were a tennis shot so confidently executed that there is no need to worry about a return, and begin to become embroiled in the dilemmas and embarrassments Shakespeare has constructed for his pack of lovers. As a gruff Benedick, Jack Cannon abandons his incessant strutting and is most amusing selling himself on the idea of marriage, with "the world must be peopled" delivered as a hilarious crescendo. And as Beatrice, who chides in order to flirt, Nan Martin is excruciatingly funny both when she peeks back in astonishment at the strangely changed Benedick, and when she is creeping grotesquely about the stage while furtively eavesdropping.

All the while, Mr. Papp keeps reminding us of the comic overtones by inventive touches such as the shuffleboard players whose shots make a ridiculous high-pitched sound after each verbal arrow they fire into Benedick's vulnerable heart, or the departing villain who stops center stage, stamps a foot, and then jumps down a trap door that suddenly and mysteriously opens for him.

Miss Aldredge is in on the collaboration too, and her designs for the members of the watch are marvelously grotesque. As a soft little dumpling of a Dogberry, John Call is at his most effective in the later scenes. And the best scene of all is the short one featuring

Mr. Cannon and Miss Martin in which, at the moment of highest romance, she suddenly finds herself demanding that he kill his best friend. Here is the key Mr. Papp has found to the play; namely to show us the self-confounding behavior that proves both our folly and our saving grace.

Moreover, Mr. Papp has seen to it that the production has a total shape and balance that work, in the sense that they make individual performance deficiencies and imperfectly delivered lines seem unimportant, and in the sense that the story and not the detail is what emerges. This "Much Ado About Nothing" is a splendid-looking, well-seasoned dish. Our compliments to the chef. —HENRY HEWES.

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A PUBLISHER FOR POETS

By RICHARD ELMAN, *novelist and critic.*

ALAN SWALLOW of Denver set out twenty-one years ago with great dedication to do what many people believe to be impossible —to print serious poetry without loss and support himself by publishing serious books. Today he is the sole proprietor of a press responsible for an average of eight volumes of new verse a year under royalty contract, making it one of the leaders in its field.

Every Alan Swallow book of verse is edited, designed, printed, bound, and marketed exclusively by Swallow in the garage of his modest home in the University Park section of Denver, although he has received occasional assistance from a few former graduate students. But the publishing house is not a strictly amateur operation. The list of distinguished books bearing the Swallow imprint includes the work of the poet and critic Yvor Winters (this year's Bollingen Prize poet), that of J. V. Cunningham, the poems and essays of Allen Tate and his novel "The Fathers," and the first poems of the highly regarded younger poet Edgar Bowers. Some of these men are fiercely partisan about their affiliation with Swallow, and there have been times when a writer has turned down offers from one of the large New York firms in order to remain on his list. At present, the total output of Swallow's press is about thirty books a year. Under the imprint Sage Books he publishes Western lore and fiction; Swallow Paperbacks include the novels of Vardis Fisher, Edward Loomis, Frederick Manfred (formerly Feike Feikema), and Janet Lewis; and there is a well-edited series of inexpensive editions in offset of rare Renaissance versifiers such as the English poets Barnabee Goodge and Henry King, as well as bibliographies, periodical indexes, and check lists of modern and older literature, and a periodical devoted to and entitled "Twentieth Century Literature." In all, Swallow has published some 300 books since 1940.

Alan Swallow is himself a poet, essayist, and a former college English teacher. He was born forty-six years ago on an irrigated farm near Powell, Wyoming. Swallow attended public schools and then the university of Wyoming. "As graduation approached," Swallow recalls, "I was still not clear how to make a go of things with my interest in writing, and so I applied for scholarships. Eventually I landed at Louisiana State University with Robert Penn Warren and Cleanth Brooks."

Swallow took both his M.A. and his Ph.D degrees at LSU. He claims to be the only Ph.D. who had both Warren and Brooks as major professors when they were together at LSU. "But I may be wrong," Swallow adds.

In 1939, during his final year at graduate school, Mr. Swallow began his publishing activities on a part-time basis. His first production was an anthology of student writings from the Brooks and Warren seminars. In Swallow's own words, here is how it all came about:

"My wife Mae was secretary to the *Southern Review* and in those days there were young writers arriving from all over the country to study under Brooks and Warren. One day two of them suggested in conversation that it would be a shame if some of the better student work was lost because there was nobody to print it. Well, I had fooled around with my own mimeographed 'little magazine' at college and even as a youngster I had been impressed by the efforts of people like the now-defunct Haldeman-Julius publications to print good literature at cheap prices. So I decided to take on the job. I borrowed $100 from my father and secured a used five-by-eight Kelsey hand press. I bought the necessary furniture and type cases, and also several fonts of type and some paper. This whole outfit was set up in the garage of the apartment where we then lived. To my good fortune, the library at LSU had good holdings in the areas of the history of type, of printing, and typography. I read all of these books I could so as to learn as much as possible in a short time about these materials, and then I set out to print. That first book was called 'Signets: An Anthology Of Beginnings.' The procedure was to set one page at a time, print the copies on the hand press, then distribute the type back in the cases. "Several students came day after day to aid in distributing the type in cases."

Alan Swallow continued his publishing activities on a part-time basis for the next fourteen years. During that period he taught at the University of New Mexico and at Western State College in Colorado. He spent two years in the army during the war and then for eight and a half years taught creative writing and contemporary literature at the University of Denver. Swallow's students at Denver included Mark Harris, Forrester Blake, Richard

Alan Swallow at his press—"I'm one of the world's luckiest guys."

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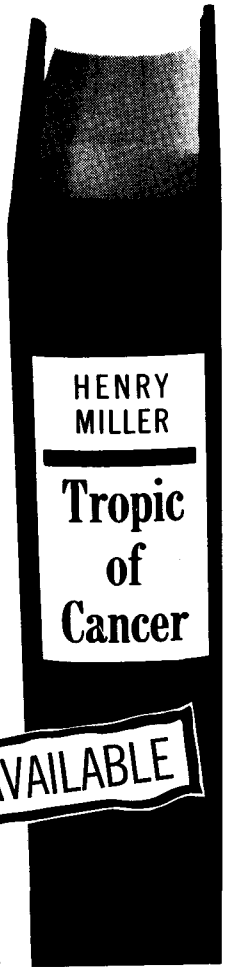

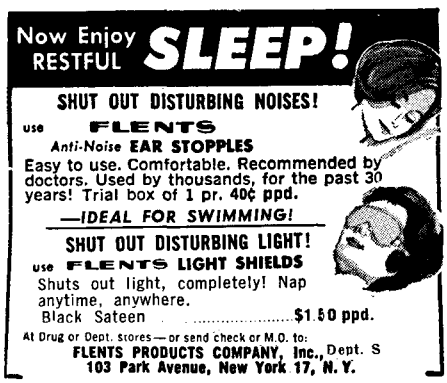
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BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

B. Erno, John Williams, and Alan Stephens. He claims he was "a damned good teacher," and boasts of the fact that at present count his former students have turned out a total of "nineteen published novels, several nonfiction books, six books of verse under royalty contract, one adaptation of a Broadway play from one novel, two hour-long special TV dramas adapted from two novels, and lord knows how much magazine material." However, even at that time, Swallow admits he was using "all the cash he could scrape together from a teacher's salary" to print and distribute editions of verse, fiction, and criticism.

Noteworthy among Swallow's early productions were the "First Manifesto" of the lyric Marxist poet Tom McGrath, Lincoln Fitzwell's first book of verse, "In Plato's Garden," and a periodical entitled "Modern Verse." "My original premise," recalls Swallow, "was that if I could reduce the out-of pocket expense to payment for materials and work which I could not perform, I could sell enough copies to pay that out-of-pocket expense and a royalty to the author." He can also claim for himself a number of publishing firsts. For example, Swallow says he published the first book ever to appear with a three-color process of color reproduction.

In 1954 Alan Swallow quit the teaching profession to devote all his energies to publishing. (Incidentally, 1954 was, according to Swallow, the first year that he "took anything out of publishing.") "Frankly," he now admits, "even in those days I figured I would be begging for a teaching job in a couple of years. So now I feel I'm one of the world's luckiest guys, to be concentrating so single-mindedly, working so many hours, on something I want so much to see done—and have a modest living out of it! I tell you the whole business continues to look promising as my interest in really good books continues to grow."

In an age of booming public stock offerings in the publishing field, Alan Swallow may not have grown rich through his immense labors, but he can now say with complete candor, "I make my living that way." Furthermore, on the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of Alan Swallow, Publisher, it is clear that the number of books published annually from that garage in Denver has increased steadily in quality and quantity and that Alan Swallow has made a determined effort to keep them in print. By doing so, and by encouraging the production of serious poetry in an anti-poetic age, Alan Swallow is now making a major contribution in the somewhat neglected field of belles-lettres.

Poetry

Continued from page 17

in an image of a cat. Through dramatic monologue he presents the conflict between the ideal and practical. His poetry is built on paradoxes—and cathedrals, landscapes, nature, and society reflect his view of "The falsity of disappearance/and the lie of constancy."

In the Indiana University Poetry Series, Carolyn Kizer's **"The Ungrateful Garden"** ($3.50) is an important new voice. Her witty urbanity and sophistication cut savagely through all sentimental disguises. Confronting her mother's tender fondling of a wounded bat with the reality of an infestation of lice, the ugly truth denudes the falsities of human sympathy. The bat is cast to the waiting house cat; the spoils are swept away, the water tap turned on to wash "the pity from her hands." Hearing what seems to be the noise of a baby's fatal spasm in the night, the poet finds comfort because "My children are all grown/Past infant strangles; so, reassured, I knew/Some other baby perished in the snow."

BECAUSE candor is hardly ever gentle, her shocking images are brutal. She abuses adult vanity by setting it alongside a child's ability to endure the removal of an eye. Pretensions to immortality are reduced to rubbish by "Beer cans on headstones, eggshells in the [cemetery] grass," and unnoticed signs that remind one to "Deposit Trash in Baskets."

While scorning man's Midas callousness that makes nature unnatural, she neither romantically ignores natural cruelty nor admires irresponsible primitive values. Commenting wittily on the morality of her cat, she scolds "the feckless beast!," but notes the resemblances of "female and feline," only to conclude: "As an ex-animal, I look fondly on/Her excesses and simplicities, and would not return/To them."

Miss Kizer's best poetry is written in natural forms out of her own experiences. Her Japanese imitations and

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. tutu. 2. dumdum. 3. cancan. 4. chow-chow. 5. bonbon. 6. juju. 7. froufrou. 8. pooh-pooh. 9. muumuu. 10. ack-ack (or pom-pom). 11. pom-pom (or ack-ack). 12. haha. 13. coco (or pawpaw). 14. pawpaw (or coco). 15. yoyo. 16. tomtom. 17. murmur. 18. papa. 19. toto. 20. so-so. 21. tartar. 22. tsetse. 23. tumtum. 24. dodo. 25. Dada. 26. Mimi. 27. Bobo. 28. Mau-Mau.

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"Heine Journal" lack the vigor of which her originality is capable. Even the gentleness she achieves through the fragile oriental technique is unequal to the sympathetic tones which balance the harshness in her poem on the Canadian diplomat who was driven to suicide by McCarthyism, the "Wounds to [whose] name were mortal to [his] mind."

Neither part of a series nor as yet readily identifiable, the voice of Charles Olson in **"The Distances"** (Grove, $1.75) is worth listening to. What seems typographical anarchy in Olson's poetry is, in fact, a calculated attempt to destroy "that verse which print bred." Olson regards himself as the inheritor of the poetic revolution of Cummings, Williams, and Pound. His attack is directed at the inherited line, stanza, and over-all form; and for him form is "never more than an extension of content." It depends not on the rhyme and meter of the line, but on the individual syllable. Capturing speech where speech is least logical, its own logic is unrelated to grammatical convention.

Yet despite defiance of poetic tradition, Olson, like other practitioners of revolutionary verse techniques in our century, is conservative and, at times, reactionary. For all the talk of change, he desires the static. Along with the Eliot-Pound rejection of materialism, there is their general denunciation of liberal social impulses.

Nevertheless, at his best, as in "The Kingfishers," which has had significant influence on the poets of the Fifties, Olson is able to give tradition its proper place in an expanding civilization. Quest for identity and unity through a link with ancient cultures has not only validity, but is set in an organic form that itself suggests his meaning. Or again, in "The Praises," he aptly summarizes the advantages of tradition: "What belongs to art and reason is/the knowledge of/consequences."

If his opinionated expression is sometimes irritating, Olson also can be effective as the angry-not-so-young-man who objects to the vulgarity of a proposed Melville Society meeting and issues the warning: "I tell you/he'll look on you all with an eye you have the color of./He'll not say a word because he need not, he said so many."

Following the loud, individualistic tones of Olson, the conventional language and commonplace expression of George Garrett's **"Abraham's Knife and Other Poems"** (Chapel Hill, $3.50) and James L. Weil's **"The Oboe Player"** (Golden Quill, $2.75) trail off like whispering echoes—after the bang, they are the whimper.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

A Time for Wonder

By Alice Dalgliesh

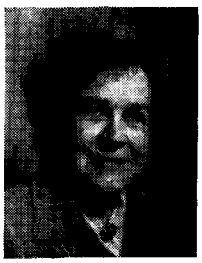
TO COME back into reviewing after years spent at an editor's desk, to see the whole output of spring and summer books for children, is an exciting though rather overwhelming experience.

Publishing is different from the early days, when separate departments for children's books, with special editors, were something quite new. At that time there were fewer books published; one could stop to savor them as they came out. In the crowded, highly competitive field of today there are, fortunately, creative editors of children's books who know that the way to lasting and worthwhile publishing is to treat each book, each author, as an individual.

One thing I notice immediately is that some "trade" books and "school" books seem to be losing their separate identities. This should not be. To pick up a book neatly dressed in an alluring jacket and to find within nothing but a school reader is perhaps as disillusioning for a child as for a reviewer. On the other hand, there are charm and creativity in a number of the "beginning to read" books, those that are produced with thought and care by competent, imaginative writers.

A great deal has happened in a short period. Twenty-five years ago, when I was a "green" editor, I gave a talk at one of the annual meetings of the American Library Association. Brashly, perhaps, having then come so recently from educational work, I made it my theme that if we did not use trade books in schools as freely as basic readers, we were still in horse-and-buggy days. I predicted that in twenty years or so this would come about. Some who listened disagreed with me rather violently: trade books were for recreational reading, not for schools.

But the change did come, and children now write to authors that they are



WITH THIS ISSUE the distinguished children's author Alice Dalgliesh takes over as editor of *SR*'s BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Last to serve in this capacity was Frances Lander Spain, who resigned in September 1959 in order to devote herself to her duties as president of the American Library Association. Since then *Saturday Review* has been able to continue its juvenile coverage thanks to the cooperation of the Bank Street College of Education in New York, whose authoritative Publications Department chairman, Irma Black, headed an able team composed of Betty Miles, Joan Winsor Blos, and other members of the department. The most recent young people's books by Mrs. Black and Mrs. Miles are, respectively, "Big Puppy and Little Puppy" and "Mr. Turtle's Mystery."

Alice Dalgliesh, a native of Trinidad, attended school in England and came to the U.S. when she was eighteen. After obtaining degrees in education and English at Columbia University, she taught for seventeen years in elementary schools, including the Horace Mann School in New York. She has also taught adult classes in children's literature at Columbia's Teachers College, and is now giving a summer course in Critical Evaluation of Children's Books at the Columbia School of Library Science.

From 1934 to 1960 Miss Dalgliesh was editor of Books for Young Readers at Charles Scribner's Sons. She was the first president of the Children's Book Council, then known as the Association of Children's Book Editors; and for a number of years reviewed children's books for *Parents' Magazine.*

Besides a school text, "First Experiences with Literature," Miss Dalgliesh's own books include "The Silver Pencil," "The Bears on Hemlock Mountain," and "The Courage of Sarah Noble," all runners-up for the Newbery Medal. Her most recent titles are "The Thanksgiving Story," "The Columbus Story," "The Fourth of July Story," "Ride on the Wind" (a retelling of Lindbergh's "The Spirit of St. Louis"), and "Adam and the Golden Cock."

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doing "individualized" reading—choosing their own books from a classroom collection or a school library. Many schools now have a "diversified" or "individualized" reading program. (It would be delightful if they could find a less formal name for it, especially for the children to use.) Thus schools and school libraries have become the lifeline of the children's book business. And several publishers who did not have educational departments have added "reading experts" to their staffs, or have merged with an educational house.

Children's books are in a strange period of transition, but they will survive. Good fantasy survives, as it always will; humor survives, though in some cases there is an elaborate bid for the attention of sophisticated adult buyers of books.

What tends to suffer most is *a sense of wonder.*

The brief years of childhood hold the beginnings of wonder, curiosity, the discovery of the world, the discovery of *words.* This time will not come again.

During these years children absorb an incredible number of facts and learn an amazing number of skills. But without a sense of wonder, without curiosity, imagination, where will they be? Will they become scientists taking the great leaps between what is known and what is surmised? Will they become writers or artists?

When I speak of wonder, I am not thinking only of folk tales or fantasy, though these play an important part.

I am thinking of the wonder of a summer night when fireflies light the lawn and bushes. I am thinking of the wonder of the moon as it rises, big and lovely to look at—not to be considered only as a place for astronauts to land.

And I am thinking of the fast-vanishing wonder of words. Too many of the fine familiar stories lose their words under the scissors of what Hans Christian Andersen called "literary hairdressers." Even the slimmest picture book has room in its pages for a sense of wonder, and, without complicated vocabulary, for the imaginative and skilful use of words.

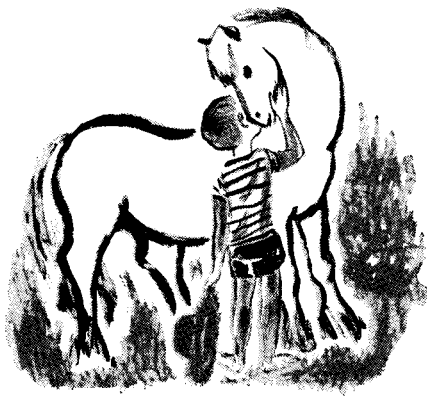
It is with these qualities in mind that the books for *SR*'s pages should be selected. Others before me have so selected them. Certainly monthly reviews cannot cover all the children's books published in a year. Some of them are frankly commercial "packages," many are in planned series tailored to a formula. The series "colophon" is stamped as proudly on the front of the jacket or on the title page as the brand name on products in the supermarket. Individual books in series may be, and are, excellent, but the brand name does not in any way guarantee uniform quality as in the case of, perhaps, a packaged cereal. The continued adventures of a beloved character—"The Happy Lion" of Louise Fatio and Roger Duvoisin, Françoise's little Jeanne Marie—these are groups of books that grow naturally. But these books also have to be considered individually and not taken for granted. The Happy Lion must continue to be amusing, Jeanne Marie to be her naïve self.

The children themselves will take care of the situation, and the book will either keep an alarmingly new and shiny appearance, or be worn almost to shreds. For thousands of children's hands constantly reaching to book shelves keep books in print.

CATCH A CRICKET: About the Capture and Care of Crickets . . . and Other Companionable Creatures. *By Carla Stevens. Photographs by Martin Iger. Scott.* 96 *pp.* $3. Here's a nature book that is good from cover to cover. Apparently the author kept her first earthworms in a jar and her young son kept his in his bed. The result is this book, a humanitarian one. Crickets, grasshoppers, fireflies, and other small creatures are tenderly cared for, observed, and returned to the out-of-doors. "When you don't want to bother feeding your grasshopper any more, take him outside and put him on the ground." Interesting photographs that seem unposed show children and their pets. Red, the second color, is used for emphasis and for variation in the text, as well as for the section titles, which are almost too arresting. The style is friendly and conversational. Ages 4-7.

FOUR FUR FEET. *By Margaret Wise Brown. Pictures by Remy Charlip. Scott. Unpaged.* $3. A slightly delirious little book, with real charm and individuality. In rhythmic text, a creature walks around the world on "his four fur feet/his four fur feet." As he sees the world there are times when the book must be turned upside down or sideways to keep up with him. It is not logical, nor even the best of Margaret Wise Brown's writing, but the primitive, colorful illustrations will lead children to go through it many times. It is also a slight infant mystery, because the owner of the four fur feet is never identified: only the feet are shown. Ages 5-7.

THE DAY WE SAW THE SUN COME UP. *By Alice E. Goudey. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Scribners. Unpaged.* $2.95. In two charming outdoor books—the current release and "Houses from the Sea"—Miss Goudey has chosen a boy as the narrator. In this one the children get up in eerie half-darkness "before our mother was up/before our father was up" and go out into the blue-gray dawn to find the grass "all wet with dew and spread with lacy spider webs." After "our cat Christopher" has shaken the dew from each front paw, he obligingly adds interest by accompanying the children as they delight in their first sunrise, play with shadows, and watch the sun set. At bedtime "our mother" (having the boy as narrator avoids the ever-present "Mom" and "Dad") tells very simply what makes night and day. But *why* does "our father" lie so limply in the hammock, not entering into the discussion? Author and artist have a gift for keeping a real feeling of wonder in their books, without sacrificing accuracy. Ages 5-8.



—From "Barnaby and the Horses."

BARNABY AND THE HORSES. *By Lydia Pender. Pictures by Alie Evers. Abelard-Schuman. Unpaged.* $2.75. "Oh, horses, horses!' shouted Barnaby./ What a strong, snorting, tossing sort of word it was./ What a belonging sort of word!"

And indeed Barnaby should have felt this, for he had left the pasture bars down and allowed the horses to escape. Now, after several side excursions (each accompanied by a shadowy page in which the horses recede further): "The horses, Barnaby!/Oh, Barnaby, the horses!" Barnaby has found them.

A carefree boy, this little Australian Barnaby, but he does put up the pasture bars at the end, with the moral stated only by the action and the pictures. The book has originality and the feeling of a lazy summer day. The author plays with the sound of words, acknowledging her debt to a recording of Dylan Thomas. Ages 5-8.

PIA'S JOURNEY IN THE HOLY LAND. *By Sven and Pia Gillsäter. Illustrated with photographs in color. Harcourt, Brace. Unpaged.* $3.50. Pia is an attractive little Swedish girl who travels with her photographer father. Children will feel that they are really seeing the Holy Land with her, partly because of the convincing photographs in full color. But what a let-down it is when on page 3 Pia wonders: "Were there still shepherds in this country, shepherds who tended their flocks . . ." and later the shepherds are shown against the background of a cheap-looking American movie poster! Is this picture an accident or a sly commentary? We go from it with relief to the full-page picture of a hermitage near Jericho. And children will

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laugh over Pia floating, hands and feet up, in the Dead Sea.

A handsome, useful book, however. Church schools should be sure to see it. Ages 7-9.

HORSE IN NO HURRY. *Written and illustrated by Harvey Weiss. Putnam.* 71 *pp.* $2.75. Herman, the twenty-eight-year-old horse of "Paul's Horse Herman," is back again with his friends Paul, Jessica, John Thomas, and Jessica's absurd dog Morton. "The only part of Herman that moved fast was his tail. It kept swishing back and forth, brushing off flies. The rest of him just plodded along." The children decide to race Herman against Morton. The result is a story with slight plot, but amusing situations and pictures. One feels that Mr. Weiss knows children, and the relationship among these three, so well handled without being obvious, makes the book worth while. Ages 7-9.

—From "Horse in No Hurry."

THIS IS EDINBURGH. THIS IS MUNICH. *By M. Sazek. Macmillan. Each* 60 *pp.* $3. The large, striking picture books by M. Sazek have been most popular with adults. Children can share them, but the text certainly does little to introduce a city to a child who has not seen it. Of these two cities, Edinburgh is amusing and handsome, though the grayness of the city, loved by Scots, does not come through. Munich is less successful, and a bit overcrowded by churches and beer halls. Have you ever watched the faces of children as the famous clock strikes an evening hour and the Munich Child comes slowly out, carrying his lantern? Now the city fathers apparently prefer to picture him with a beer stein in one hand, a radish in the other. M. Sazek might watch children a little more closely on his future trips to cities, because he could give them so much. Ages 8 and up.

ELSA: The Story of a Lioness. *By Joy Adamson. Pantheon. Unpaged.* $3.50. Here, in a big picture book, is Elsa, the marvelous lioness of "Born Free." The photographs are unique and the title-page spread, with the well-known shot of Elsa asleep on a camp bed, makes a truly grand entrance to the book. Many pictures not included in the adult volume are found here. It seems an excellent idea to have junior versions of some well-liked adult books, so that the family may share the interest. And also by the time that the younger children can read an adult nonfiction work, it may even have gone out of print. But the young people's text should keep some of the feeling and quality of writing in the adult. This one keeps it in part, loses it in part through space limitations. However, Elsa, in pictures, almost tells her own story. All ages.

ANDY FINDS A WAY. *By Jesse Stuart. Illustrations by Robert Henneberger. Whittlesey House.* 92 *pp.* $2.25. Andy's story is set in the author's Kentucky, and is unmistakably close to Mr. Stuart's own experience as a boy. A simple, friendly book, it is about a boy who must keep his calf so that the animal will not be made into veal. He calls the calf Soddy, because it is "the color of plowed ground." "You know after the morning sun comes up and dries the ground it has a soddy color." There are touches of Jesse Stuart all through this, but sometimes he seems to become too conscious of writing for younger children. Ages 7-11.

PETER'S MOOSE. *By Hughie Call. Illustrated by Robert MacLean. Viking.* 185 *pp.* $3. Once, motoring in Canada, I saw a baby moose stand in the path of the car against a lake and a sunset. A sight not to be forgotten, that gangling, bewildered baby with its knobby legs. Peter feels much the same when he finds a baby moose, almost dead because its mother has died. He gathers the moose into his arms, takes it home, calls it by the descriptive name of "Silly." Children will like the novelty of this pet and Peter's efforts to keep it, regardless of warnings that it will be a dangerous pet when it matures. Silly's rescue of Peter in a blizzard strains one's credulity a little; the real climax comes when Peter releases the moose to the wild, where he belongs. Ages 8-12.

A POPPY IN THE CORN. *By Stella Weaver. Pantheon.* 319 *pp.* $3.50. Every now and then a book with special quality comes to us from England. Reading it is a pleasure. As we close it the covers cannot keep the characters inside; they stay with us. In this book six- or seven-year-old Ben, though an odd little boy, is particularly insistent upon staying.

Three children spending the summer in Cornwall are, by a somewhat contrived coincidence, left entirely alone. No matter. This happens to English children in books: they often have a remarkably free life of their own, which ours do not as easily enjoy.

Poppies in the wheat (corn) are an unforgettable sight, but farmers simply do not like them. Here the "poppy in the corn," the outsider, is Theresa, a French orphan from a wartime concentration camp. A study in jealousy and final acceptance, the story moves quietly at times yet it has its exciting moments, even if the solutions were almost too easily pointed out at the end by one adult. It reminds me, however, of another English book, "The Gentle Heritage," which I read as a child, and which has stayed with me all my life. Ages 8-12.

The New Havana

Continued from page 11

three young men of twenty-two, twenty-three, and twenty-four. Castro, of course, is only thirty-four, and has moreover spent seven of his thirteen adult years in prison or in the underground.

Because of all these young people in command, it is hard to discern any grimness in the mood of this town. One might *know* that there is a strong opposition and that thousands have been in and out of jail since the invasion attempt; one can see that the offices of the airline companies are jam-packed with members of the "better families" who want to leave their country. The overall feeling remains one of excitement, of a feverish, bustling society, a world turned upside-down, with a generation that was stultified under Batista suddenly pulling the strings.

Naturally, some disenchantment and post-battle fatigue resulted when the common enemy, Batista, was defeated. The invasion of April 17 has allowed once more the reduction of complicated issues to the simple "Country or Death"; the invaders did not get as far as El Tesoro, a tourist park at the edge of the coastal swamp and the nearest telephone, so to speak, from their landing point, but the actual military threat, which moreover might still be repeated any day, provided the government with just the right challenge. It made Cuba a nation in arms, and it gives daily life here now a strangely intriguing, perpetual acuteness.

"We're all in the police now and so there is no police," has become somewhat of a slogan. The "all" is exaggerated, yet the statement does reflect the atmosphere of the town. Havana does not look like a city under dictatorial terror; no police of the regime is facing a sullen population. The whole population itself, seemingly at least, is armed—armed in a rather happy, slapdash, Latin way, but highly serious about the purpose of it. There are sandbag fortifications at all entrances to public buildings: militia girls in high heels and careful curls, or in jeans and kerchiefs, are on guard. In the evenings these posts become centers of the outdoor social life, with visiting boys and girls sitting around the sandbags, talking and smoking. Visitors to the buildings have to open handbags and briefcases to show that they aren't carrying bombs, and they are frisked at some places of such national importance as the television station (if Castro does

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not govern by the ballot, he does, anyway, by the TV rating). Sabotage has been rare since April 17, but whenever a bomb explosion is heard, the validity of these goings-on is reaffirmed. There is no official nervousness, however. There are no street or road checks, and no official showed that fascination with my papers which is a hallmark of the "people's democracies."

The invasion attempt has made it harder for a Cuban to be critical or even mildly ironical about any aspect of the revolution. The dailies, from *El Mundo*, which tries to sell the revolution to the divided middle class, to *Hoy* of the Communist Party, are now drearily alike. Their headlines as a rule are lifted from some government statement, and they print a negligible amount of foreign news. The one wholy non-Cuban item that received a large spread in the papers in the last few months was the death of Gary Cooper. I was told by a government official, however, that the reappearance of the New York *Times* on the newsstands had been approved. Magazines from the Communist countries, together with some bedraggled pre-invasion copies of American publications, are on display, but there is hardly a brisk demand for them. Recently a West German illustrated magazine of the *Life* type has made its appearance. Cuba itself produces a number of weeklies and monthlies, interesting in typography and layout if not always in content, and ranging from *Inra*, published by the Agrarian Institute, by way of *Bohemia* and *Lunes*, to something still called *Show*. *Hoy*, the Communist paper, is doing badly, and its early demise is rumored. This is not particularly cheerful news, for there can be no doubt that its staff will then be seeded among the other papers. Another possibility seems to be a merger of *Hoy* and *Revolucion*, which would be equally unfortunate; the policy of the hybrid would undoubtedly be *Hoy*'s. Here, in the world of the intellectuals, a crucial battle of this revolution will be fought.

A large number of Cuba's writers, artists, and other highbrows spent the Batista years in exile. Even if they could stomach the atmosphere of that time, they could simply not make a living in their trades. I found that from a list of twelve writers, compiled without bias, eleven had lived in Paris, Mexico, the United States, Argentina, and even Spain until 1959. Only one had never left the country. (Two of the twelve had since gone back into exile.) These people were, and are, almost to a man pro-Castro; and their whole background and experience has made them "natural" leftists. But they are also highly individualistic. There is no necessary conflict between these two traits in the early stage of a revolution, and most of them will still maintain that they are all one big happy family. There is no trace of "socialist realism" in their work; their magazines and their art are experimental and sophisticated, with strong French influence visible. They write about Julian Huxley, Arthur Miller, Sartre, Trotsky, Botvinnik. They have always been oriented toward Europe and Latin America, to which is now added an often self-conscious interest in the Communist world. No one suspects Trotsky or even Arthur Miller of being a Yanqui imperialist; yet these articles about them have, in the doctrinaire post-invasion atmosphere, a tinge of luxury, of intellectual indulging, which puts these writers on the defense. "We're all leaning backward except the Communists," one of them remarked to me.

THE grand old man of Cuban letters is Nicolas Guillén, a poet. Guillén is as much a public figure as if he were an actor. He is organizing some kind of writers' guild at the moment, and would not be averse to a role as Cuba's commissar of the arts. "Now we are going too much in all directions," he said. Cuba's writers *want* to go in all directions, however; if the present state-of-siege atmosphere abates, they might still be able to do so.

I have seen one play in Havana, which seemed rather typical of the repertory of the moment: "Saint Joan of America," by Andres Lizarraga, a present-day South American writer. It told, in personal terms, the story of a Peruvian woman fighting in the great liberation movement against Spain of the early nineteenth century. The production was simple but very professional, the audience rather lethargic (but it was very hot in the theatre). It was a full house; perhaps not surprising since all seats sell for fifty cents, with students and other groups paying only twenty-five cents. Several theatre people told me, independently, that the production was in the "Brecht manner," but I wasn't able to see exactly what they had in mind.

In the movie houses the cold war has not penetrated. One double bill combined "Lenin in 1918" and Grace Kelly's monarchistic picture "The Swan." There were films with Danny Kaye, Orson Welles, Brigitte Bardot, and John Wayne, and in another double bill "Teacher's Pet" appeared with "Ballad of a Soldier." The majority of the titles were still American; but under the present embargo that is of course a situation that cannot continue.

It seems a good guess that television plays a larger part in the life of Cubans these days than does their press. Cuban television presents British movies with Spanish subtitles, American cartoons without subtitles, singers, dancers, melodramas, and Fidel Castro. Some of the melodramas are touchingly unsophisticated, with long dialogues between motionless actors, and even with a narrator who explains, as the camera focuses on the villain, "Now he is thinking: 'I want my revenge' . . ." There are commercials, too, of the old movie-house slide type, with spoken commentary. But television's role in the political life of the country is, of course, based on Castro's Open End Program. This is where the revolution is sold to the public; a hard sell with a delivery aimed at the masses, but without Hitlerian or "1984" gimmicks. The ideas I watched Castro sell while I was in Havana were basic enough: Everyone should eat, wear shoes, and know how to read and write. The *campesinos*, the peasants and farm laborers, have not yet got over their delight in discovering that someone seems to care about these things, and Castro repeats himself endlessly.

Posters are another form of propaganda. Slogans and signs are everywhere in Cuba, on billboards, on banners across the streets, in shop windows, on walls and buses. The Deauville Apartment House on the Malecon Boulevard proclaims "Country or Death" with one huge letter on each story. On another poster, a soldier with a Superman jaw, looking much more like a hero from an American comic strip than like a Cuban, rallies the population to the defense of the island. But most of the public texts are in a calmer vein. A number of them give quotes from José Martí, the Cuban liberator of 1895, who wrote a vast quantity of homilies. "When you can read, you can move; when you can write, you can rise," I read over the counter of a coffee stall. And elsewhere: "There is only one inferior race, whose who cater above all to their own interests." That same theme is taken up more drastically by a poster showing a huge bare-chested Negro breaking his colonial chains. It was decided by the sponsors of this poster that this fellow looked a bit too brawny, but they were too late and all the artist could do was add a pair of spectacles as an antidote. The total effect is rather startling. Another Havana poster commemorated Castro's receipt of the "Lenin Peace Prize." It shows a dove carrying a medal to the Cuban premier; the text reads, interestingly enough, "The world admires us."

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Poet and Realist

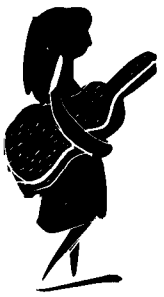
Continued from page 10

our knowledge—has added a great deal perhaps—but let us simply say that it has demonstrated an enduring connection between two kinds of human passions.

"Nor does it end there, for Myrrha was pregnant, and when she turned into a tree (a myrtle, evergreen), the great bole of the tree that contained her womb split open to give birth to Adonis, the most beautiful of men, who grew to be the beloved of Venus herself.

"Is all this talking about life? About what it is to be a man? Certainly it is not the sort of talk that seeks the equations of the physical sciences. What happens in the mind of a man when he speculates on the allegorical possibilities of Adonis? Why should the most beautiful of men be born of a line so marked by opposite passions? Are not all men, when they stand most understandingly in themselves, born of the passions that give life and of the passions that destroy?

"Adonis, moreover, is marked for doom by the fates. Venus does her best to protect and to warn him. Above all she enjoins him from hunting dangerous beasts (could Myrrha, who was both his mother and sister, be figured forth in that thought?). But Venus must return to heaven, and she has hardly left before Adonis attacks a wild boar and is killed by it. (And what about that boar? Is it a literal beast, or is it



the dramatization of a force already in the blood of Adonis, and of every man?)

"I submit that mind in good order is functioning here. And, further, that this order of mind leads to knowledge. These dramatic elements are full of the seeds of self-knowledge. Their growth is so rank and so many-branched that the knowledge they reach into will not be made systematic in the sense of the physical sciences. But it is still knowledge—more knowledge than those five problem-solving steps can reach to."

"As usual," says the Citizen, "I am left with a lot of thinking to do before I quite know what I think. But one question sticks in my mind. You said that parables are a profound and meaningful way not only of speaking but of acquiring knowledge. I will probably end up by granting in my own mind that there is this order of knowledge you are talking about, and that the reader acquires that knowledge from his thinking about them. But suppose I did a piece of research and then wrote it up as a parable? The parable—or the myth, as I should perhaps say—is not the way *I* acquired the knowledge, but only my way of having some fun with the knowledge I had previously acquired. How can you say a poem creates knowledge, when the knowledge is from the poet's previous experience of his own life, the poem being simply the way he expresses what he has already learned?"

"No," says the Poet. "I do understand your question, but that simply is not the way it works. Remember that we began with poetry as the *experience* of knowledge. A poem is never about ideas: it is always and only about the *experience* of ideas, about what happens inside a human being when an idea *begins to work in him and motivate* him.

"It is true that every time we enter an experience, we bring to it our past experiences. The new encounter does, nevertheless, remain an experience in itself.

"In a poem, it is exactly the poem itself that is the experience. The poem happens to the poet. He enters it without knowing where he will come out. Nor does that fact open the poem to a charge of inexactness—you enter a job of research not knowing where you will come out, but always trying as exactly as possible to pursue the demands of your own developing body of knowledge. It is a mistake in any piece of writing—and a mistake, may I say, on which students in Freshman English flounder endlessly—to think of the writing process as if one had two bins, one of which is labeled "Thoughts" and the other of which is labeled "Words," the problem being to pull a Thought out of one bin and then, from the other one, the Words that match it. Whatever emerges in a piece of writing emerges *as* words, forms, images, and rhythms.

Because those four elements are natively multiple, as we have discussed, it will not do to be downright about them. What will it serve a man to look into his own psyche and shout, 'You there—get down to brass-tacks or shut up!'

"IN THE poetic experience of knowledge one must be willing to hearken to the allusive. That much granted, I can go on to say that the poet does not know what he is going to know until he finds himself knowing it in answer to the demands of his form, as the words and the metaphoric elements suggest it to him, and as the rhythm both enforces and elicits it from him. It is the process of answering those demands and of being moved forward by those suggestions that is his experience of his form.

"What I cannot defend, unless you are willing to grant it, is the value of form as the kind of experience that goes most deeply into whatever a man is. Dance, ritual, religious ceremony, public ceremony, or poetic encounter —if the form is sound, it is of what is deepest in a man. Nothing is more powerfully of man than the fact that he naturally gives off forms and is naturally enclosed by them. To acquire knowledge of esthetic form is to acquire knowledge of man. And with that I rest my case."

"No rebuttal," says the Citizen. "At least not yet. I have too much to think about. But wherever I come out in my own ponderings, let me say I have enjoyed this give-and-take."

"So have I," says the Poet. "But while you are in this benign mood, may I ask you to grant me one thing?"

"Name it," says the Citizen.

"That I was not sneering at any time in the course of all this."

The Citizen nods. "Granted," he says.

"Thank you,'" says the Poet. "That point does matter to me."

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 939

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 939 will be found in the next issue.

ABC DE FGHD HIHC JB KH ADLMFBEDKNH FL BOFEBPL, LFEQH FJ OPLJ DAJHCRDCGL KH DNRDSL BNG — ADLMFBEHG.

LDEJDSDED.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 938

May you live all the days of your life.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.

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Editorial

Continued from page 28

raging infections, or the long years of difficulty that followed. But at least the reality of their ordeal was no longer being ignored; at least they were being included in benefits, however small or large, available to victims from other countries. Their anguished memories were not for sale but at least the anguish did not have to be compounded.

After we discussed the yardsticks for determining payment in each case, I brought up the matter of the $27,000 that had been kept in escrow pending final settlement. The $27,000 belonged to the Ladies. How did they want us to give it to them—divided into equal parts or sent to the group as a whole?

Bogumila Babinska - Dobrowolska spoke up. "We have made a decision about the $27,000," she said. "We know you will have other projects. We know that always on your projects you have had to work without money. Now you will have something to start with. This will make us very happy."

It was one of the most stirring moments I have ever known, and I let the Ladies know it. But I couldn't accept the money, and said so. It would be some months now before the final details of the compensation arrangement could be worked out. Meanwhile, I knew there was urgent need of money by many of the Ladies.

"We do not like to disagree with you," Bogumila said, "but our minds are quite made up. You will use the money in any way you wish. This is definite; we will not yield."

This gave me the opening I needed. Since they had just given me absolute power to do anything I wished with the money, I was now prepared to tell them of my decision. We would set aside $5,000 for a possible new project, the nature of which was to be determined on a mutual basis. Half the balance—$11,000—would be set aside as an emergency fund—whether for illness or extreme hardship—for the Ladies and their families. The other half would take the form of a "Fun Fund." Because of currency exchange complications, it is difficult for Polish citizens to visit Paris or London or other foreign places. This fund, therefore, would be for the unabashed purpose of providing recreation or holiday opportunities abroad.

It was not easy to obtain assent to this decision, but the point was carried. In any event, the visit to Warsaw was most pleasant and productive. *SR* readers helped to make this project possible in the first place; this account is in the nature of a progress report. —N.C.

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1426

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Shape of the odd silver money called lari.

B. Describing the perfect lute of a poet.

C. Act of asserting positively.

D. Frequent storm along the New England coast.

E. Round space left where a branch has come out of a piece of wood.

F. "Operation" by U.S. Gov't at the South Pole during recent Geophysical Year (2 wds.).

G. Original surname of the German visionary, "Nun of Dülmen" (1774-1824).

H. Substance of any confession of faith.

I. Our "Elegant" decade.

J. Popular suburb in Connecticut (2 wds.).

K. Measurement, established, by Michelangelo's first teacher, as equal to the distance bet. middle-finger tips of outstretched arms (4 wds.).

L. A surgical operation disting. from excision.

WORDS

113 54 46 134 8 147 149 106

98 22 183 39 105 146 68 62

121 23 112 9 181 97 88 107 45 124

5 182 154 103 200 186 87 193 18 96 37

144 90 197 7 31 76 188 13

1 118 125 176 29 168 151 58 163 201

161 189 79 91 3 202 38 170

153 192 145 177 162 148 21

32 179 6 175 65 137 24 185

102 84 120 26 187 128 11 15 138

110 155 4 109 95 49 78 159 60 115 36 94

50 44 80 195 199 131 72 66 89 198

DEFINITIONS

M. Great Italian sculptor, one of nine citizens charged with defense of his city, 1529.

N. Makes thin and reduces in force or intensity.

O. Large antelope of India.

P. Garment developed in World War I, now a permanent feature of contemporary costume (2 wds.).

Q. Lack of coordination, as of the muscles.

R. Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf in King Henry IV, Part II.

S. System of mystical interpretation of Scriptures among ancient Jewish rabbis and early Christians.

T. Indians of early Nahuatlan tribes who brought culture to Mayas, disappearing later by invasions of their own relatives.

U. Ancient word for any form of absolute government.

V. Place of worship of any religion.

W. Personal charms.

WORDS

100 42 140 19 135 117 119 55 174 73 81 194

114 85 30 130 34 61 127 83 171 75

108 40 16 56 86 156 64

71 141 27 180 14 158 41 123 184 196

111 48 139 150 63 132 166 122

160 20 203 12 2 190 52 67

126 104 57 99 53 142

47 167 191 157 204 59 43

116 17 178 82 74 93 35 173 28 165

92 129 70 10 77 172

101 169 136 51 33 143 133 164 69 25 152

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 F	2 R	3 G	4 K	5 D	6 I		7 E	8 A	9 C		10 V	11 J	12 R	13 E		14 P
15 J	16 O	17 U		18 D	19 M	20 R		21 H	22 B	23 C	24 I	25 W	26 J	27 P		28 U
29 F		30 N	31 E	32 I		33 W	34 N	35 U	36 K	37 D	38 G	39 B	40 O	41 P		42 M
43 T		44 L	45 C	46 A	47 T		48 Q	49 K	50 L	51 W	52 R	53 S	54 A	55 M	56 O	
57 S	58 F	59 T	60 K	61 N	62 B	63 Q		64 O	65 I		66 L	67 R		68 B	69 W	
70 V	71 P	72 L	73 M	74 U		75 N	76 E		77 V	78 K	79 G	80 L	81 M	82 U	83 N	84 J
	85 N	86 O	87 D	88 C		89 L	90 E	91 G		92 V	93 U	94 K		95 K	96 D	97 C
98 B		99 S		100 M	101 W	102 J		103 D	104 S	105 B	106 A	107 C	108 O	109 K		110 K
111 Q	112 C	113 A		114 N		115 K	116 U	117 M	118 F		119 M	120 J	121 C	122 Q		123 P
124 C	125 F		126 S	127 N	128 J		129 V	130 N	131 L	132 Q		133 W	134 A	135 M		136 W
137 I	138 J	139 Q		140 M	141 P	142 S	143 W	144 E	145 H	146 B		147 A	148 H		149 A	150 Q
151 F	152 W		153 H	154 D	155 K	156 O	157 T	158 P		159 K	160 R	161 G	162 H	163 F	164 W	165 U
166 Q		167 T	168 F		169 W	170 G	171 N		172 V	173 U	174 M	175 I		176 F	177 H	178 U
179 I	180 P	181 C		182 D	183 B		184 P		185 I	186 D	187 J	188 E		189 G	190 R	191 T
192 H	193 D		194 M	195 L	196 P		197 E	198 L		199 L	200 D	201 F		202 G	203 R	204 T

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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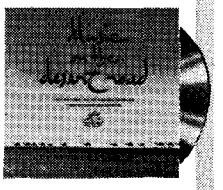

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